THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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IF WE? WOULD WE?

If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down life's road,
If our lips could taste some wormwood,
If our backs could feel some load;
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be;
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew yon baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Might be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Ne'er to trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of that darling
Catch the frown from off our brow?
Would those prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voice bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Until all their scent is gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
Until winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

Let us bask, then, in the sunbeams
Shining in youth's rosy lanes;
Let us cast our chaff and nettles,
Keeping only wheaten grains;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day;
With a patient hand removing
Ifs and whys from out our way.

LETTY'S TEMPTATION.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY I. D. FENTON.

CHAPTER III.

The mists had blown over next day, the sun was out again, and the sea calm and blue. Lettice accounted for her pale face by saying she had a headache, and thus got off accompanying her aunt to the castle, where there was to be a formal giving over of linen. As soon as the house was cleared, she brought down her hat, and set off for her favorite seat among the rocks, where, with the sea lashing and breaking among the rocks at her feet, the gulls shrieking over head, she thought she could look her fate in the face, and form some plan to avoid a meeting with the Squire.

She had not been on the rocks half an hour when a quick, firm footfall sent the blood to her cheeks, and she and her false lover were face to face.

It would be difficult to say which was the more confused—Gawain, who had sought the meeting, or Lettice, who had been telling herself it must come.

He was the first to speak, but he made no attempt to approach nearer as he did so. He said, "My wife found your ear-ring, and then I knew who Mrs. Lloyde's niece was."

Lettice held out her hand mechanically, but instead of putting the ear-ring into it, Gawain clasped it closely, bursting into an explanation of his actions, excusing, condoning, and lamenting his course in one breath.

Lettice was powerless while he spoke of his love and of the bright hopes he once held out; but when he tried to excuse his marriage, and told her he had taken a rich wife to retrieve his fortune, the girl's indignation and outraged love spoke forth.

Mr. Gawain was prepared for this. It only showed him that Letty's heart was still his, that however her judgment might condemn or virtue plead, the power he had once held was as strong as ever. Seeing this he could afford to listen patiently.

"I will do nothing to torment you, Letty; be merciful to me, that is all. I am reaping the punishment of my sin. I did not seek you out, Letty: we have met for some good end. For God's sake, do not drive me desperate, give me some chance of happiness, or, at least peace. I never was a good man; but if you do anything rash or cruel now, you'll drive me to destruction. Do not avoid the Castle for fear of seeing me; my wife wishes to have you. I will be out of the way. The terms are not so hard for you as for me—and what they are to me you can never know. A man's love is a different kind from a woman's, in spite of what the poet says: perhaps it is because men seldom give all their love, as I did."

And with a bitter laugh, he went away, and Lettice, left to herself, did what was only natural and womanlike—she sat with her head on her knees and cried, little thinking that any one saw her agony; but there, glaring out from a crevice between the rocks, were the bloodshot eyes of Sam, who had brought all the cunning of madness to aid him in concealing himself, and thus kept constant watch upon Lettice, and for this he had toiled through many a dark night, hollowing out a hiding-place which he could reach without going along the path round the point.

Letty had no easy task to perform; it was impossible for her to avoid going to the Castle without giving a reason for so doing, and that reason she, of course, could not give. There was nothing for it but to trust in Mr. Gawain's promise, and for a time there seemed no cause to doubt it; she never saw him, and began to speculate upon her own strength again, telling herself that he could never have loved her as he professed, or that it would be impossible for him to act as calmly and coldly as he now did.

So reasoning, Lettice fell into the habit of spending day after day with Mrs. Gawain. Many a time during the next six or eight weeks there stole over Lettice an undefined sense of danger. She would start from her sleep in the dead of the night with tears streaming down her face, and her heart throbbing wildly. Once or twice, while sitting at her favorite place among the rocks, she had been seized with a sudden fear, and, impelled by some uncontrollable feeling, had run home, not even daring to look behind her. Lewis met her one day when this fit was on her, and the quarrel that had separated them was made up. He saw her pale, wild face, and interpreted it to his own satisfaction, and she, harassed and perplexed as she was, felt comfort and strength as Lewis put his arm round her, and told her how she had tormented him, and that henceforth he meant to take charge of her entirely, and not let her sit dreaming by the sea. Poor Lettice! the temptation was sore. Lewis was gentle and humble that night, and, after all, what right had she to exact so much, or why should she be jealous of what had gone before? Would he still care for her if her own story was told, and worse still, her heart laid bare? Lettice thought not; but determined then and there to risk it, and confess all at the first opportunity. Not that night; she must wait and tell Mrs. Gawain first, then she would be happier. And in the meantime Lewis and she would meet as usual; there would be no engagement, nothing more than there was at the present; but he would stay at home more; and when she was at the Castle he would come to fetch her home; for the nights were dark now, and Mrs. Gawain often kept her until night had set in, and only let Lettice escape when the Squire would be returning from shooting. Mrs. Gawain had taken a violent liking to Lettice, and now that she was ill and weak, Rachel would not allow her niece to thwart her in her fancy to see her every day, saying such fancies were excusable under the circumstances.

One night, late in October, Lettice started for home; she was earlier than usual; the wind was coming over the bay in fitful gusts, bringing heavy drops of rain. Just as she turned out of the grounds into the fields, she met the Squire coming home from shooting.

"It's a cold, lonely walk, Miss Lettice," he said, stopping, while the keeper walked forward; but Lettice only dropped a curtsey, and passed on. Then he followed her, repeating the words, but in a lower tone, and adding, "How cross you are, Letty; here am I out all day, wind or rain, to make it more comfortable for you at the Castle, and even when I meet you by chance, and speak a civil word that any man might say, you won't vouchsafe a look even. What have I done to make you treat me this way?"

"Indeed, I don't treat you any way wrong, sir."

"Sir!" exclaimed Gawain, with an oath; "what do you think I am made of, that you mock me? You didn't call me 'sir' in the happy days I am always thinking of and cursing myself for having lost the right to make you remember. Why don't you speak, Lettice?" he went on, presently. "Why don't you scold, reproach, bully me? I deserve it all, for I am a selfish beast to remind you of old times, and tell you how miserable I am; but I must be selfish still. I meant to meet you to-night; I have something to tell you that you must hear. Will you stand still here a few minutes and listen, or sit down upon the stile?—it is dry, and sheltered a little from this cursed wind. I wish I could see your face, Letty; I've not seen it this week, except in my dreams, and then it always looks as it did that day I saw you again on the rocks."

"You wanted to tell me something," said Lettice, desperately. All this talk was play to him, but death to her; she could not listen to his voice or feel her dress touch him without the old poison stealing through her life again. She was weak as a child in his presence; and in her heart she was wishing that Lewis, who generally came to meet her, would come.

"If I heard him coming, I would speak out—shame would make me a better girl," she thought. But Lewis did not come, and Mr. Gawain told her what he had to say—told her that his wife was dying; that the doctor who had seen her the week before, had confirmed the opinion already given that she might live until the spring, but only by going to a warmer climate. "We must go at once; and, Letty!" —he paused, and drew a little nearer; she could feel him stooping over her, and fancied she heard his heart beating; her own was throbbing so fast that she had to consider again before she was quite sure that she had heard his next words right: "Come with us, Letty," he said, speaking low and hurriedly; "and when I am free you shall be my wife!"

The wind was blowing harder than ever, beating down the slender heads of the young fir-wood through which the path lay, scattering their perfume around, and all her life after a waft of scent from a fir-plantation brought back to Lettice the scene of her temptation—temptation which Providence suddenly turned aside, for clear upon the cold blast came the ring of a man's whistle.

"Who's that?" asked the Squire, as Letty sprang to her feet.

"My cousin Lewis; he always comes to meet me," said Lettice, a sense of protection coming upon her, although at the same moment she felt as if she loathed and hated her cousin; and all the love and old visions of happiness flashed up—love and happiness now offered her; but ere she had had time to think, Gawain had thrown his arm round her, and pressing his lips to her face, whispered passionately,—

"Take care what you do, for, by ——! I am a desperate man! I bartered you away once, for money, but the Mint itself shall not come between us now if I can help it."

The whistle was close to them now, and the footstep audible. With a desperate effort Lettice freed herself from Gawain, and clambered over the stile, almost falling into Lewis's arms, and the Squire heard him exclaim,—

"Halle, Letty! what a hurry you are in. Why you are shaking like a leaf, darling. Has anything frightened you? Why didn't you wait, and I'd have been at the gate. I am rather late, for the Squire has been up at the farm, and mother stopped me to tell me how he'd been saying his wife was ill, and had to go away."

And then their voices died away in the distance, and Mr. Gawain turned homewards, coming up with the keeper where he had left him a quarter of an hour before, and half inclined to think he had been watching him. He gave the man a rating that he did not forget in a hurry, and which, curiously enough, raised Lettice greatly in his opinion, concluding that she, having given the Squire "a setting down," had thus ruffled his temper.

As they walked on, a figure came slouching along the path, close under the hedge.

"Who's that?" said Mr. Gawain, drawing back.

"Sam Bach, sir; he lives up at the farm, and follows Miss Lettice about like a shadow."

"Is he a lover of hers?"

The keeper laughed. "He's an idiot, sir."

"A madman! and suffered to run about this way?"

"Sure, he's safe enough, sir. He's better than a watch-dog to Miss Lettice. She's kind to him, and saved him many a thrashing from young Lewis."

"But I've never seen this boy about."

"He was beating for us last Friday, you remember, sir; the cocks you shot right and left, Sam flushed them."

The Squire said no more; he remembered the lad and the chill of repulsion that had crossed him at the time, and made up his mind to speak to Mrs. Lloyde about it.

Instead of going straight to the Castle next day, Lettice went to the rocks. She had no opportunity to think quietly at the farm, where there reigned a continual bustle, and where her aunt was now full of lamentation about the young Squire's sorrow, about his leaving so soon again, and the chances of the wife dying before the baby saw light. Down among the rocks and by the sea, dark, stormy, and noisy as it was, Lettice knew she could think; accordingly there she went, and there Mr. Gawain found her.

"I have come for my answer, Letty," he said, sitting down by her side, and barring her escape. "By Jove! what a night it was. I hope your cousin made himself agreeable. If all one hears is true, he's rather a dangerous companion for a young lady to choose as an escort every night. My keeper rather amused me by his account of the young gentleman's doings. It seems he does not keep his love-affairs secret either, or let them lose in the telling."

Lettice's cheeks grew fiery red, and Gawain saw he had gained one step, and went on with a laugh.

"Ah, well! it don't much matter. To you, Letty, he's on his good behavior of course; for their ways down here are not like our ways. Lewis will sow his wild oats and settle down into a respectable farmer some day. We'll give him the Church Farm, it's the best next to his mother's, which of course goes to Evan. Now, Letty, tell me you'll go with my wife."

"No, no! you know I cannot. How could I? You told me once you loved me too dearly to wrong me, and so left me; and now you would make me the vilest thing living."

"You are wrong, Letty; before God you are wrong! I'll never speak to you—come near you—without your permission; you'll only be there with her; and when I'm free again—"

Lettice got up, her face white and her eyes flashing.

"Do not tempt me again for pity's sake. You know I am weak—you know once I'd have given up everything for you; but you left me then. I could never trust you now."

He stretched his hand out, and caught hold of her dress.

"Sit down, child, you cannot get away, the tide has turned. You are my prisoner—at my mercy, Letty, for the next six hours."

With a bewildered, helpless look, Lettice sat down, covering her face with her hands.

"Am I so very terrible, Letty, that you dare not stay with me for a few hours? My pet, I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for worlds! only listen to me."

And Lettice listened to the old story, and tried to think that there was happiness in store for her.

CHAPTER IV.

Next morning there were pale faces and hurrying feet upon the beach, where a crowd soon gathered round the body of Sam, the idiot boy, which, washed up and left by the tide, lay face uppermost amongst the shingle. When the torn coat and shirt were taken off, there were thick blue weals, where blows had fallen.

Murder, foul and cowardly at all times, is in some cases especially so. The lad had been afflicted from his birth, harmless, and like most of his kind, rather a favorite in the village, and loud were the denunciations against the atrocity of the deed, and the guilt of the doer.

Men looked suspiciously into each other's faces as they stood round the public-house into which the body had been carried, and at the door of which was a policeman. Evan Lloyde was there: he had been riding past, and lent his horse to carry the messenger for the doctor, while another man had ridden off to the nearest magistrate.

Lewis was not there then, but presently he too came down the hill, and afterwards the people said how white his face looked, and that he staggered in his walk as he drew near. Nor were they wrong; and good enough cause Lewis had for both; for when the intelligence of the murder reached him, there had flashed upon his mind, like the vision of a drowning man, the many quarrels, the anger, and the evil temper he had so often vented upon the helpless boy, and the very last time he had seen him, his hand had been on the lad's neck, whose usual outcry of "murder" seemed to ring again, like a fatal warning in his ears.

He had thought all this when his mother came to tell him, and although he would have rather cut off his right hand than face the crowd and look at the body, he was too great a coward to yield to his fears.

"You're not used to death, Lewis," said the doctor, looking in his white face, as he stood in the room while the examination of the body went on.

"No," said the other, shuddering, "I don't know how you fellows are so cool."

"Wilful murder," was the verdict, and the following day Lewis Lloyde was arrested on suspicion. No one ventured to charge him with deliberate murder: but even man-slaughter, with a man of such well-known violence of temper, would go hard.

Rachel was inconsolable; the rest of her boy was a disgrace deep and deadly, and loudly as she asserted his innocence, a cold shudder of apprehension fell upon her as she recalled the various scenes of passions she had witnessed; and felt, "If the evidence is too strong for him, they will swear to the hatred between the two; there's not a man or child about the farm that has not seen it."

When they came to take Lewis away, Lettice had fainted, and passed from one fainting fit into another, so that every one, even the sorrow-stricken mother, said or saw "how she had loved him."

Circumstantial evidence went hard against Lewis. Upon the night preceding the finding of the body—the night when it was conjectured the murder had been done—Lewis could not account for himself; true, he said that expecting to meet his cousin Lettice coming home from the Castle he had waited up till midnight, and only upon getting home found that she had come in by another way, and gone up to her bed-room directly.

Then some one spoke of the way in which the idiot had attached himself to Lettice, and the case against the unhappy man grew stronger. At this juncture, however, a totally new aspect was given to the trial, for, to the consternation and amazement of all who knew him, his sweet temper, well-regulated mind, and universal kindness to every living creature, Evan Lloyde stood forward and took the guilt of the deed upon himself. He had seen the boy dogging his cousin's steps, and had often apprehended mischief; that day he had caught him at her favorite resting-place among the rocks, evidently waiting for her coming; words had grown high, the boy grew angry and flew at his master, who, losing his temper, struck him, and as they struggled on the narrow platform, threw him accidentally over the cliff.

The explanation was simple enough, but not a word of it fell with any appearance of conviction upon the listeners. Lewis was, of course, liberated, and sought to remain with his brother; but this Evan refused, bidding him go home and comfort Lettice and their mother, adding, "They will be more merciful to me than they would have been to you."

He went home, but comfort was a mockery; there was nothing but disgrace and misery. In the midst of her anguish Rachel had taken it into her head that Lettice was somehow at the bottom of it, and all the fury of her outraged pride, and all the agony of her fear for her child's safety, concentrated themselves against the girl, who wandered about the house apparently more dead than alive.

"Take her out of my sight," said the miserable woman to Lewis, as he stood by her chair, trying to soothe and reason with her. "It's all her doing; this curse fell upon us the day she crossed the door-way." And Lewis, seeing nothing else for it, went over to the castle and told Mrs. Gawain what his mother said, and Lettice found a home for the time being, and finally accompanied them to the south of France, Lewis persuading her to consent to the offer. Lettice weakly opposed the plan; but nothing she said now seemed to have any influence. The shock had fallen like a blight upon her; and though Lewis was safe, they said that it would take time to restore her nervous system. And Lettice's name, Lettice's unhappy lot, and Lettice's great love were as much spoken of as the crime itself.

The assizes at which the trial would come off were held in the spring, and the long winter months, during which her first-born lay in jail, completely bleached Rachel Lloyde's dark hair. It was a terrible time for her when the day of the trial came—worse still when the sun went down and the case stood remanded. Then the next day fresh evidence was called, and as she sat in the inn parlor, the parson and his wife on either hand, Lewis burst into the room.

The verdict had been brought in "Man-slaughter," the sentence mitigated to four years' penal servitude; and when the worst danger was past, the mother knew how great the mercy of God had been. Neighbors and people she had never seen or heard of pressed forward to congratulate her and bid her be of good cheer. The Squire, who had come over from France to be present, had worked day and night, had spared no time or expense to bring about this result, and the public mind was divided between admiration for him and relief as to Evan's sentence.

"The Squire had worked himself to death," they said, so ill and fagged did he look, and so restlessly excited and busy had he been. There was one peculiarity about his conduct—he would not see Evan. This was scarcely noticed at the time; but afterwards, as is generally the way with the multitude, even this became a virtue, and when he went back to his dying wife, he carried with him the admiration and blessings of the whole neighborhood, a burthen Mr. Gawain seemed to find both irksome and painful.

Before leaving the Castle, Mr. Gawain gave the Church Farm to Lewis, then fortunately at his disposal; offering, moreover, to lend sufficient to stock it thoroughly, besides draining and rebuilding. And it was very soon said and very soon seen that the Squire did not seem to think he could do too much for the Lloydes.

For three or four months after she had left Pembrokeshire, Lettice had written pretty regularly to Lewis. Then the letters grew fewer; and at last, after a lapse of nearly a month, there came a short letter, bidding him forget her. Strange to say, he took the matter very little to heart. In spite of the way the old folks shook their heads over the new-fangled notions Lewis was adopting in his farming, things prospered. Everything he put his hand to turned out well, and Mrs. Lloyde began to hold up her head again. The bitterness of the first shame was being lost in the success that had been showered upon them ever since the day of grief. Evan wrote often. He was well, and, as far as circumstances would permit, happy. Most of the letters were filled with questions about Lewis, and for the first year never one came that did not refer in some way to Lettice, and express a wish to hear that she and Lewis had made up matters.

Three years had gone by, when one day the post brought Mrs. Lloyde a letter which startled her. It came from Evan, and told her how he had got a ticket of leave, and was, therefore, comparatively a free man; that he would not, however, come to the old farm, but intended to settle in some other part of the country, where everything would be new, and where, by changing his name, he could start clear of the cloud that would always rest upon him where the past was known. The letter ended by asking her to meet him in London, giving her the day, the place where she would find him, and full directions about the route.

There was not a word about Lewis. "You'll go with me?" said his mother, as he gave her back the letter; but Lewis did not answer. His face grew dark, and the veins in his temples sprang up.

"You ought to see him, Lewy," pleaded Rachel. "Sure if he's brought trouble on us, he's still your brother, and the Lord's been gracious to us in many ways. You'll never let your old mother ask in vain?"

"Yes, I'll go, mother," answered Lewis, hoarsely.

"There's my own dear lad, always the same, always ready to do a good turn. We'll go together to your poor brother."

Evan had given such clear directions, that there was no difficulty in the journey.

"He'll be changed," was the thought that filled the mother's heart. But Evan was little altered; a little graver, perhaps a little older; but handsomer than ever.

"This is good of you, Lewis," he said, holding out one hand to his brother, while with the other he clasped his mother. "I did not bid you come, I thought you might not like. Hallo! Lewis, lad, what's the matter?"

Lewis had burst into tears, and thrown himself upon a sofa.

"Let me alone, mother," he sobbed, shaking

off Rachel's hand. "Oh, Evan, I didn't do it. Brother, brother, I didn't murder the lad."

"I know you didn't, Lewis."

Lewis lifted up his face for an instant.

"My God! Evan, you never did?"

"No, Lewy; neither you nor I did, though we've both suffered for it. I thought wrong of you at first, brother: you'll forgive me that?"

Lewis threw his arm round his brother's neck.

"As I hope God will forgive me."

"That's right, lad; and him, too, the unhappy man who did it. Say you forgive him too; he's been punished worse than either you or me, and he's tried to pay you back tenfold, Lewis."

A deep flush crimsoned Rachel's face, as she bent forward, listening eagerly. Lewis shuddered, and whispered almost too low to be heard,—

"Why did he do it, Evan? tell me that first."

"It's a long story, but it must be told sooner or later. Mother, dear, for my sake be merciful." He crossed and laid his hand upon Rachel's shoulder, looking down into her flushed, excited face.

"Mercy," she cried, bitterly, "Mercy! Ah, lad, the mercy he showed you, may he meet the same. Merciful!—ask a mother to be merciful to the man who's blighted her fairest dreams—who's brought disgrace and shame upon her name—who's—Oh! Evan, Evan, shame on you! Shame on you! What was he to you?"

"Be calm, mother; you must hear it sooner or later."

And what the reader already knows of Lettice's history, Evan repeated. The boy had followed her to the rocks upon the day Gawain made his last appeal; the Squire had seen him, and angry at being watched and in the boy's power, had struck him; in avoiding the blow, Sam sprang back and fell over the cliffs.

"Still, I don't see why you were to let them call you the murderer," said Rachael, bitterly.

"Mother, I thought Lewis had done it, by accident always, but still that it was his hand; and you remember how Lettice was struck down? I loved her, mother, from the first day I saw her; but she liked, or I thought she liked, Lewis better, and when I saw her so broken-hearted, I said to myself, what did I care for life that I should let my brother die? Besides, mother, I did not think it would go so hard with me, and I knew that any punishment would be lighter than seeing her fade before my eyes, and die for the brother I could save. But it's not all told yet, mother. Lewis, give me your hand, I've been selfish after all, I've been but a sham martyr—Letty is my wife."

Lewis sprang up and threw both arms round his brother.

"Then you're not angry, Lewy?"

"Angry! no. Thank God you've won something. Mother, come and kiss him; she was too good for me, and never cared rightly for me, though I made her think so when I thought so myself. Where is she? Come, mother, this is the best news of all. Where is she, Evan?"

"You'll take her, mother, and forgive me?" whispered Evan. "You gave me a strong heart, mother; and him that you took as the husband of your youth taught me that a "true heart is better than gold." You've not forgotten him, mother. And now may I bring them to you?"

"Them, Evan!"

"Aye! them, mother; Letty and my baby."

Then a great cry broke forth from the woman's heart.

"Oh! Evan, my son, my son, bring them that I may bless them, even as the Lord will bless you."

Little remains to be told. Evan took his family to Australia to begin a new life. Lewis and his mother followed the next year, and the farm has changed hands more than once; so, indeed, has the Gawain estate, for shortly after the Lloyds left, the property was sold, and report said that the Squire had left the country for good.

A Romantic Love Story.

The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families in France, became engaged, after a long and assiduous courtship, to a lady, his equal in position and fortune, and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol; so he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched to the battle field.

During the Count's absence it happened that the beautiful fiancee had the small pox. After hovering between life and death for many days she recovered her health, but found her beauty hopelessly lost. The disease had assumed in her case the most virulent form, and left her not only disfigured, but seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion.

A year passed away, when, one day, the Count, immediately upon his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and the lady made her appearance closely muffled in a double veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but stepping aside she tremblingly told him the story of her sorrows, and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features as, raising his hands above, he exclaimed: "It is God's work—I am blind!" It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon ball passed so closely to his eyes that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance unmarked, it robbed him forever of sight. It is said that, at this day, many often see at the Emperor's receptions an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely veiled, and they seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music.

☞ In his new book, "Christianity and its Conflicts," Mr. Mercer estimates that one-third of the people of the United States deny the divinity of Christ, and eight millions of Protestants in Europe also have a similar want of belief.

☞ A recent matrimonial advertisement in a New York paper was for a husband "having a Roman nose, with strong religious tendencies."

☞ It is said the leading citizens of Rutland, Vt., bought up all the fire crackers in town, and fired them off on a place outside of the town on the evening of the Fourth.

☞ You can't keep fruits through the winter unless you can.

☞ The miner is happiest when his "Triumphs are ore."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1867.

BACK NUMBERS.

The powerful and interesting novelet of

LORD ULSWATER,

was commenced in THE POST of May 4th. New subscribers can commence their subscriptions with that number, if desired.

We can also still supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. "L. H. B." and "C. S." write respecting stories which they have on hand. The chance of our accepting their stories is so small that we think it would be useless to send them. In fact, if a story is not quite as good as those we usually publish, we do not want it. And we never want "first attempts" from anybody.

DEATH OF MR. KENDALL.

We regret to announce that Mr. R. C. Kendall, who has written so much within the last few years for the columns of THE POST, over the signature of "Cosmo," died on the morning of the 2nd, at Acto, New Jersey. Mr. Kendall had not been in very good health for some time, and yet the announcement of his death was to us, and probably to his friends in general, very unexpected. His complaint, however, heart-disease, is one which often proves fatal with very little warning.

Our personal knowledge of and acquaintance with Mr. Kendall was of quite a limited character. We knew him principally as a contributor to our Agricultural Department, and as the author of the series of South American Sketches. The interest and value of these articles are well known to our readers. Mr. Kendall's knowledge of Agriculture seemed to be quite extensive, and his views generally appeared to us very sensible. As to his Sketches of life in South America, they contained a large amount of information not generally accessible, respecting the condition of the people, and the natural productions and curiosities of our Southern neighbors. We should think them well worthy of being collected and published in a volume.

Mr. Kendall leaves a widow, the author of various household articles signed "Madeline," but, we believe, no children. As a man he always seemed to us of a genial and kindly nature.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF FRIENDS, FROM ITS RISE TO THE YEAR 1828. By SAMUEL M. JANNEY, author of the "Life of William Penn," &c. In four volumes, 12mo. Published by T. Elwood Zell, 17 and 19 South Sixth street, Philada. We are glad to see the completion of this history by Mr. Janney. The first volume we believe was issued in 1859. The troubles of the rebellion tended in a great measure to retard the earlier publication of the concluding volumes, as during a considerable time the habitation of Mr. Janney was beyond the Federal lines.

The history of the religious Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they are perhaps more commonly known, is the history of the early settlement of this great commonwealth; and well may Pennsylvanians be proud of that settlement. Founded as Pennsylvania was by deeds of peace—the land purchased, not wrested by force from the aborigines; full freedom of religious belief provided for; treaties with the Indians well kept, in good faith—should not Pennsylvanians feel proud of their ancestry?

The first, second, and part of the third volume of this history contain an account of the early rise and sufferings of the Society of Friends in Great Britain, the settlement of Pennsylvania, and biographical notices of some of the prominent members of the society. The remainder of the work is mostly taken up with an account of the separation of the society and the causes that led thereto, together with dissertations upon the religious belief of the Quakers. This part of the work seems to us of great interest; knowing but little as the public do of this schism, they will probably be surprised to find the division of the church in 1827 of an entirely different character, if Mr. Janney be correct, from what they have supposed.

The total number of Friends or Quakers in the yearly meeting of Philadelphia, as estimated in 1827, partly from returns furnished by a commission to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, was 26 268. Of this number 18 485 were Friends of the Hicksite branch, as they are often called, and 7 844 Orthodox Friends.

Mr. Janney has not made of this work a dull mass of reading, but by occasional anecdotes and special accounts of prominent persons, made a work alike readable to all. As an instance, we call attention to the brief account of Elizabeth Fry and her early labors in the prisons, as well as some other biographies of like interest. The work is well printed on good paper, well bound, and is creditable to the publisher.

MARRIAGE IN THE UNITED STATES. By AUGUSTE CARLIER. Translated from the French by H. Joy Jeffries, A. M., M. D. Published by De Vries, Ibarra & Co., Boston. This work gives a chapter each to Marriages in France and in England, and then treats of Marriages in America, and incidentally of American domestic life.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS CONFLICTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By E. E. MARCY, A. M. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Phila. The writer of this is evidently an honest and sincere champion of the Roman Catholic church, which he considers identical with Christianity, and aims to "check the fearful tide of skepticism and irreligion which now pervades society."

THE CULTURE DEMANDED BY MODERN LIFE. This is a series of Addresses and Arguments on the claims of Scientific Education, by Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Faget, Whewell, Faraday, Liebig, Draper, De Morgan, and Drs. Barnard, Hodgson, Carpenter, Hookers, Forbes, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Herschel, Sir Charles Lyell, Mr. Hall, &c.; with an Introduction on Mental Discipline in Education, by E. L. Youmans. The effect of this volume will be, we trust, to impress our legislators and educated classes with the importance of giving a larger space to scientific subjects in our educational courses. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Phila.

APPLETON'S HAND BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL. The Northern Tour; being a guide through New York, New England, the northern Middle and Western States, &c. With descriptive sketches of cities, towns, waterfalls, &c. With maps. By EDWARD H. HALL. Ninth annual edition. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philadelphia. This appears to be, in many respects, an excellent and accurate work. And yet we note, and we imagine the horror with which this announcement will be received in certain quarters, that there is not even the slightest reference to "Watkins' Glens," noticed by us in last week's POST. Mr. Hall is a New Yorker, and this is his *ninth* annual edition, and yet he evidently has never even heard of the Glens of Watkins! We are not quite certain whether the people of Watkins, Elmira, &c., will consider this unpardonable ignorance, or innate depravity, on his part.

By the way, Mr. Hall gravely informs us that the old "Liberty Bell" at Independence Hall, has the following lines inscribed on it:

The motto of our father band
  Circled the world in its embrace—
'Twas liberty throughout the land,
  And good to all their brother's race;
Long, here within the pilgrims' hall,
  Had lingered—though it often pealed—
Those treasured tones that else should tell
  When Freedom's proudest scroll was sealed!"

For our part, we thought the inscription was the simple scriptural quotation, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof"—a legend which, considering that at the time the bell was cast, Independence was not even thought of, seems almost prophetic.

HENRY VIII. AND HIS COURT, OR CATHARINE PARR. An Historical Novel. By L. MUHLBACH, authoress of "Frederick the Great and his Court," &c. From the German, by Rev. H. N. Pierce, D. D. Published by D. Appleton, New York: and also for sale by D. Ashmead, Philadelphia.

CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By S. BARING GOULD, M. A. This volume treats of The Wandering Jew, Prester John, The Divining Rod, William Tell, Tailed Men, Antichrist and Pope Joan, the Man in the Moon, &c. We may inform our youthful readers that the author of this work has no faith in William Tell as an historical personage, as he finds the same story in existence centuries previous among the Danes and Norwegians. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. With Illustrations. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

A REPLY TO THE REV. DR. GEORGE JUNKIN'S TREATISE ENTITLED "SABBATISMOS." By JUSTIN MARTYR. In this essay the author endeavors to show the lawfulness and propriety of allowing the passenger cars of our city railroads to run on Sunday—alleging that he formerly thought otherwise, and giving his reasons for his change of views. Published by T. Elwood Zell, 17 and 19 South Sixth street, Phila.

AN EMPLOYER'S BANQUET.—To all the employes of the Ledger newspaper establishment—editorial and mechanical—a dinner was served on the FOURTH by the thoughtful consideration of Mr. Childs, its proprietor. The collation was served in the great basement of the building, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion in the red, white and blue, and the exercise of the cutlery was accompanied by Hasler's full brass band. There must have been six hundred persons present, including invited guests, and not including some two hundred little newsboys, who, in an apartment by themselves were bountifully supplied with the kind of viands in which such younglings most delight.

The generous proprietor of the establishment, Mr. Childs, was unfortunately obliged to be absent. He was represented by his managing editor, Mr. McKean, and his financial manager, Colonel Mackie. The principal speakers were Messrs. McKean, Mackie, Nicholson, Wm. L. Drain, Joel Cook and John D. Watson.

A PRESIDENTIAL SYMPTOM IN VIRGINIA.—John M. Botts, Gov. Pierpont, Judge Rives, with other citizens of Louisa county, Va., have united in a letter recommending reconstruction under the military law, trusting to the election of a conservative President for "overthrowing the despotism of party." The letter says:

"For ourselves, we indulge the hope that the great soldier who commands the enthusiastic attachment of his own section, and the undivided respect of ours, may be the instrument, under God, of overthrowing the despotism of party, of uniting all our people, and of restoring those fraternal relations which ought to exist among citizens of a common country, &c., &c.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—The Committee on Suffrage of the New York Constitutional Convention, have reported through Horace Greeley, Chairman, that they do not recommend the extension of the elective franchise to women. "However defensible in theory," say the committee, "we are satisfied that public sentiment does not demand, and would not sustain an innovation so revolutionary and sweeping—so openly at war with a distribution of duties and functions between the sexes, as venerable and pervading as government itself, and involving transformations so radical in social and domestic life!"

This probably settles the question, for some time at least, in the Empire State.

NOT BAD.—A colored witness was examined in a Washington City Court to prove the identity of a white man, the other day.

District Attorney—"Did you see the man?"

"Yes, sir, I seed him!"

"Was he a white man?"

"Don't know, sir?"

"Do you tell me you saw the man, and can't say whether he was white or black?"

"Yes, sir, I seed him; but dares so many white fellers paintin' demselves 'niggers' round here, I can't tell one from tod'er!"

Witness dismissed—explanation satisfactory.

☞ The last words of Maximilian, before being shot by the vindictive Mexicans, were, "Poor Carlotta!" The loving husband thought only of his devoted wife.

☞ A career of crime must come to a halt or a halter.

☞ In Boston, last Monday evening, as a mother was nursing her infant at a fourth story window, it sprang from her arms and was dashed to death on the pavement below.

A Lover Utilized.

The following story about the invention of the coarse and strong ticking, called ballain, made either of tow-yarn or else of refuse flax, is accepted as authentic by the careful Breton antiquarian, M. Miorcec de Kerdanet. It illustrates many pleasing features in Breton society, especially the bond between seigneur and peasant, which resisted all the force of the old revolution. It is comforting, too, to believe that Breton ladies in general knew their duty better than did that lovely and most unhappy wife of the Chateaubriand, whose sad story is told so touchingly in Miss Frere's Life of Margaret d'Angouleme.

In the time of King Louis, the Fourteenth of that name, the lord of Kerjean had the best as well as the loveliest wife who had ever been seen in all the country-side. If she was queen of beauty, she was also mother of the poor. From house to house she used to go, giving money and good advice; and, let me tell you, these two do much better together than apart. The money makes poor folks attend to the advice, and the advice teaches them how to use the money. The great house was open to everybody, just like a church. Any one who could not get work had only to walk straight in; for the lady always had field-labor for the lads, something to do about the cow-house or the laundry for the lasses, while the old people were set to spin flax, or, when that ran scarce, to work up into yarn the tow that was left from flax or hemp. Of course the linen or hempen thread was very useful; but even the lady, clever as she was, had never been able to make much of the tow-yarn; she just had it spun to give the old people something to do, and then it was thrown aside, so that there were lofts and lofts full of it about the castle.

Now Oliver, lord of Kerjean, loved his wife dearly, and trusted her in everything. He used to say his "better half" could never do wrong, and she (for she loved a joke) would answer that she would never play her husband false till the cock had flown off the church tower.

King Louis had a way (more's the pity) of taking nobles and gentles off their land and away from their own people, and up to Paris; so Lord Oliver had to go. He wanted to take his wife, but she begged hard to stay.

"Dear heart! what would become of all my orphans and my poor old spinning-women? Why, they've grown to look on the work I give them as a thing of course. Besides, if we both go, Oliver, we shall stay; but if you go alone, you can be sure to come back soon."

So the Lord went up alone, begging his wife to write often, and to put the letters into my Lord Bishop of St. Pol's letter-bag, that they might be sure to go safely.

It took him sixteen days to drive to Paris; they could never get beyond a trot in those times, and had to stop at night for fear of the deep ruts.

Kerjean met a whole gathering of Breton lords and gentlemen at Paris, and was made much of by them and their French friends; but these last wondered a good deal why he had not brought his wife. At last they agreed that she must be some country hoyden whom he was quite ashamed of, and perhaps as ugly as sin to boot. But the Bretons soon told them differently, and let them know that she was such an altogether lovely lady, that men have added one more line to the country rhyme:

Kermavin for old blood,
Penhoet for bravery,
Kerman for wealth;

namely,

Kerjean for beauty.

Then the French lords, light of tongue after their manner, began to twit Kerjean with having left his wife at home for fear she should find in Paris some one more to her fancy. Oliver was for fighting them all round. He had two or three duels, but at last they laughed and argued him into sending one of them with a letter, begging Francezza to treat the bearer well, as he was her husband's best friend. So they sent Count d'Aiguillon, who had a terrible reputation among them, and Kerjean, who would much rather have run him through the body, was obliged to wish him a safe journey.

Well, at first D'Aiguillon thinks he is making way wonderfully. Francezza is so good and pure she cannot suspect evil in others, and so she rides with him to visit the gentry round, and listens to his nonsense of evenings, and laughs and laughs again when he tells her he's dying for her, and gives him the ribbon that she tied her hair up with, and lets him steal her brooch and a ring off her little finger. And at last, when he pressed her again and again for a meeting, she was silent and thoughtful awhile, and then said:

"Not in the hall, for the serving men would see; nor in my bower, for the maid would be there; nor in the parlor for it looks out on the terrace. But there's a little wood-house, you know, at the far end of the corridor; I will be there when all the lights are out."

So D'Aiguillon rejoicing in his wicked heart, sent off his ribbon, and ring, and brooch to Paris, and wrote, saying he should return triumphant. Then he dressed himself in his best, and made his way to the wood-house. He had a long while to wait, and many a time did he smooth his rich lace band and ruffles, and shake the scent out of his embroidered handkerchief, and practice his most killing look and most graceful attitude. At last he heard a light step, and saw a lantern in the distance. The door was open, he felt he was looking superlatively charming, when, with a quick movement, Francezza pulled the door to, double-locked it on the poor count, and cried,

"There is your place, Sir Count, till Kerjean comes home again!"

The wood-house was filled, like most of the out premises, with this tow-yarn, which, we said, the old people used to spin when there was nothing else to do. So, next day, Kerjean's wife came and opened the little slide in the door, and said,

"Sir Count, we are none of us idle here. See, I have brought you tools; fall to, and weave for your dinner." At first the count stormed and raged, and swore revenge; but she was a resolute woman, though she had laughed at his nonsensical talk, and hunger soon tamed him, and at last he took to trying to weave in good earnest.

Meanwhile, the letter and parcel got to Paris, and you may well imagine how Kerjean looked when he read and saw. For a time he stood rooted to the spot and as pale as death, and then (without saying a word) he just ordered round his bright bay, which was the fastest horse in all Brittany (not to mention France), and off he went. The bay could sleep standing, and he slept in the saddle; he fed Penn-ru (Red Head) himself, watching him every grain he ate, and the moment the last grain was eaten he clapped on the bridle, and was off again. So he rode day and night, and towards evening of the seventh day he got near home; but there had been a grievous storm, and the waters were out, and the church steeple had been struck and blown down. "Ah," thought he, "the cock on the tower has flown off at last!"

So he gave Penn-ru the spur unmercifully, and just got inside the oak avenue when the horse that had been lame some time broke down.

"There, Heaven help me, I've killed a faithful horse for a faithless woman."

Through the "wilderness," and by the garden, and up to the hall door, and in another minute his loud knocking roused the castle.

"That's Kerjean," said the lady, and ran to greet him. But he pushed her wildly aside.

"Where is D'Aiguillon, you false woman?"

"Come and see. I could not help it. I did the best I could. It was your fault for sending such a man here."

Kerjean sprang after her, and as they walked along the corridor they saw a light, and heard the noise of weaving.

"Listen how industrious he is," said the lady, laughing.

Her husband was puzzled. She bade him look through the little slide, and there, amid a great heap of tow-yarn, sat the count, weaving away as though his life depended on it.

"There," said Kerjean's wife; "at first my gentleman thought that he, a real gentleman, would be degraded by putting a finger to the work, but hunger pretty soon tamed him, and, lo and behold! after several trials he has somehow got to make a strong, warm kind of stuff, which I never saw before."

The count was so busy that he didn't hear them, till Kerjean burst into a fit of laughter at seeing Oliver's hat and sword lying on a bale of tow beside him. But courtiers in those days were used to treat the seventh commandment lightly, so our prisoner did not lose his presence of mind, though his smile was rather bitter as he said:

"I've lost my bet, M. de Kerjean."

"Then if you don't want me to run you through the body, you must go and tell the truth to all the other noblemen and gentlemen at court; for your letter and the three keepsakes you sent made them think otherwise."

D'Aiguillon promised to make a full and public confession, and to give back the presents; but the lady, smiling, told him he might keep them, by way of recompense for the good he had done the poor folks of the neighborhood, by inventing such a fine, strong kind of stuff.

From that time forth stout sacking (*ballain*) became more and more to staple of the Lyon county (the Lyonnesse of King Arthur's legends), but people never forget how it was first found out, and the rhyming proverb is still extant:

The first of the sacking-makers
Learned his trade at Kerjean.

MAXIMILIAN'S execution, as was supposed, is causing great excitement in Europe. A general feeling of indignation is said to prevail in England and on the Continent against Juarez. The Austrian Court has been placed in mourning for Maximilian. The grand review of British troops and Belgian volunteers ordered to take place in Hyde Park has been postponed in consequence of the news from Mexico. Napoleon has ordered mourning to be worn in the French Court. The grand military review which was to have taken place with appropriate festivals, in honor of the Sultan's visit to Paris, have been countermanded. Even the American celebration of the Fourth of July at Paris, was for some reason abandoned.

☞ Pine apples in Paris are made from turnips, and are said to be delicious. The turnips are saturated with an appropriate syrup, which confectioners know very well how to manufacture, and the French journals say the pine apple "is destined to become a success."

☞ A French paper says: "The attention of the Czar, the King of Prussia, and even of Count Von Bismarck, was, during the late balls and fetes, attracted by the large number of blondes with golden hair who adorned the quadrilles. Te Venetian blonde, which, during the last two years fell much in estimation, has in the course of the present month risen greatly in the course of fashion. A hair-dresser said lately that in ten days he had sold fair-hair decorations to the amount of 10 000f. Thus it seems the trade in hair is in the full tide of prosperity."

☞ We observe a paragraph going the rounds of the papers, giving the "last words" of various celebrated persons who have died. Those of Webster are, however, omitted. They are "Asthepsary, *asthma*." See the "Unabridged Dictionary."

☞ The usury laws of New Hampshire have been so far modified by the Legislature of that state as to permit creditors to charge seven and three-tenths per cent., where an agreement to pay it is made. This privilege was previously allowed to the New Hampshire banks.

☞ A most singular sight was presented on Penn street yesterday afternoon, says the Pittsburg (Pa.) Post. It was a funeral procession, consisting of five persons—a father, mother, and three children. But the strange part of the affair was that the coffin—containing the corpse of her youngest child—was borne by the mother, upon her head, who, with solemn gait and mien, preceded the procession, followed by the father and children.

☞ Professor Gillespie, of Union College, having received the degree of L. L. D., from two colleges, signs himself, "Gillespie, L. L. D. 2."

☞ An elderly lady in Wayne, Mich., while walking in her garden last Sunday, was stung in the ball of her eye by a honey bee. She screamed and fell back, and died in ten minutes after receiving the injury.

☞ While at West Point, General Grant picked out the prettiest girl on the parade ground and conversed with her for a long time. Ulysses!

☞ The Waterville Mail tells of a smart boy—Alphonso Crosby, of Albion, fourteen years old—who recently sheared twenty-one sheep in one day.

☞ In a breach of promise suit at San Francisco one of the witnesses testified: "I live with my husband when he is at home, but he never is at home."

☞ A party of young people amusing themselves at a clergyman's house in Terre Haute, Ind., lately, were much frightened at hearing a frog croak in the stomach of a young lady. A doctor was summoned, who cut into the stomach and took out a green speckled frog four inches long. Tough—story or frog.

Uses of the Human Body.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Every man is bound to take care of his body with the great doctrine of Christian uses as the end and aim which he is to keep in view. We are to have a reason, not simply of self-gratification, not of vanity, not of pride, why we should make as much of the body as possible.

I like to go past an engine-house and see the firemen, even if they are rude, and if they do sometimes forget their manners, and shout out my name when I pass by them, as they did yesterday—I like to go past an engine-house and see these rude sons of industry fondle and pet their engine. Sometimes I think it is their little god. How they rub it! How they clean it! How they oil it! How they put flowers upon it! Why? They know what it can do. They are proud of it. They have seen it play. They have seen how well it performs in the hour of danger. It has *stuff* in it. It is a brave engine. They personify it, and give attributes to it. They love it. They talk to it. And they rub the brass and clean the leather, and keep every thing all right about it. And I like to see it; because it is the radical quality that they like. It is its ability to perform. It is its real executive power. For that's sake it is that they work it up, and shine it up, and like it, and pet it, and almost idolize it.

Now, I don't object to a man's taking care of his body in the same way, if it is worth anything to him and the community. I do not object to curls, and a fine skin, and all manner of decorations; I do not care how clean you keep the body, or how much you perfume it, or how richly you clothe it; rub it, decorate it, let flowers hang on it, if you wish—only let it be worth something. But to see a man that studies complexions, and locks, and fine linen, and fine cloth, and fine boots and shoes, and that makes the body a mere wax figure, a mere doll, instead of a thing of use—how contemptible that is! That is what I understand by being a *fop*. If a man has a body that means something, and his bones are bones for use, and his muscle is brawn for use, I do not care how much pains he takes with it. I like him all the better if he is proud of it, and washes it, and cleanses it, and perfumes it, and makes it supple and beautiful. If his care of it has reference to uses that he wishes to put it to, then it is worthy of it. But for a man to take care of his body merely because it is *his* body, and not because he has any thing to do with it—that is mean enough.

I like to hear an engineer talk to his engine. I think that the next things to men are machines like locomotives. If they should, by some accident, be transmuted, and be endowed with thought and intelligence, I tell you, they would make grand men! And when I am travelling, I think they hardly ever stop to wood and water that I do not go out and see what the engineer is doing with his engine. I sometimes think there is about as much intelligence at one end of the train as at the other! I notice how closely he inspects the various parts. I have sometimes crept under the wheels myself when something had given way and they were repairing the damage, and seen with admiration how clean the very bottom of the engine was where nobody looked at it; how all the axles, and boxes, and parts were cleansed and in order. And I have often said to myself, "I wish I could make my people take as good care of their bodies as this man has taken of his iron horse to-day."

Now, there are thousands of men whose body, the only engine they have, is clean, and polished, and in perfect order outside, but inside is neither clean nor polished nor in good condition. The consequence is, there is not one man in twenty that is fit to run in any emergency. Men do not seem to think that their machine, the body, ought to be looked after and watched as the engineer thinks his engine ought to be. I think it ought to be. I think every joint and muscle and nerve ought to be looked after. Every organ and every part of the human body is worthy of as much study as any part of a locomotive—and for the reason that God made it for you, and made uses for it that are worthy of your consideration and would have you take care of it. No man has a right to neglect a machine that is in his charge, and you have no right to neglect your body. You have no business to be sick, if it is owing to a want of watchfulness or to a want of care on your part. And yet, how very many are not as careful about their bodies as the engineer is about his engine! What would be thought of an engineer who should keep his engine in a slovenly manner, and allow the various parts to become dirty and to get out of order? How long would he be tolerated by the superintendent of the road on which he was employed? And yet there is as much excuse for him as there is for a man that neglects his body.

Men sometimes say: "I cannot do so and so, because I do not feel very well to-day." You ought to be ashamed to say so—and that, not on scientific grounds, but on religious grounds. God has made that body of yours for purposes of use, and has given it enough to do of things that are noble. Society needs it and you need it. And you have no business to let the old engine rust out for want of employment, nor to let it get out of order through neglect or abuse.

Why, the very men that you despise ought to put you to shame. Hiram Woodruff died recently. I do not know that he was a pattern of morals in many things; but when he had a horse in his hands he never thought that any pains was too much to lay out on the animal to bring him into the best possible condition. He studied his diet, that he might feed him right. He sifted his oats that he might not eat the least dust. He washed and selected his food with the utmost care.

At a place where they train horses in Kentucky, they have a man picking over hay to separate from the mass the most succulent portions, and feed only those portions to the animals. And it is worth their while to do this, when a second makes a difference of thousands of dollars in the price of a horse. When it is a horse, men study his constitution, his habits and his food, and take every pains to bring him into that condition in which he can perform his very maximum of work.

But you, who are made in the image of God, who are set apart as temples holy and sacred, who were fashioned and framed for enterprises that affiliate you with the angelic band, whose work, beginning here on material substances, runs forward and links itself with the things of eternity—you do not think it worth while, for the sake of God and immortality, to do to your body what men think it worth while to do to a horse! I do not blame them. I think a horse is worth all this care. But how much more is a man worth than a horse!

I do not know whether you do such naughty things as to read accounts of boxers. I do. There is nothing that a man does in this world that I do not feel interested to find out about. I have read the whole history of their training with the most minute attention, and gathered a good deal of profit and self-rebuke therefrom. When a man is going to bruise his neighbor's face, when he is going to put his body to one of the worst of uses, he forswears all liquors, he avoids every excess, he gives up various pleasures, and brings himself down to habits of regularity and temperance. His diet and sleep and exercise are all controlled by scientific principles. His liver, his stomach, his brain, the pores of his skin, the various parts of his body, come under thorough instruction for the sake of enabling him to hold out and inflict the greatest amount of injury on his opponent. It is astonishing what discipline will do for a man, and what a high state of perfection he may be brought to as an athlete.

Now, the Apostle had that in his mind when he was speaking about gymnasts and athletes. He said: "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." Do you take such pains to fit yourself for obtaining the incorruptible crown as boxers do to obtain the corruptible? Do you think about training for your work as the athlete does about training for his? There is not one young man or one young minister in a hundred that is not surprised at the idea of eating and drinking and sleeping and talking and living with a constant view to the good of others. It is very seldom that you find a man who has taken a summation and inventory of his life-power, and who administers it night and day so as to avoid excess, and so as to store up the utmost vitality in it, and bring it to bear in such a way as to achieve in life the greatest results that it is possible for him to achieve socially, morally and intellectually. Indeed, I think most men throw away more than half of their vitality. They do not know how to economize it, or apply it, or use it. Men are spendthrifts through ignorance in this regard. Ministers and physicians and lawyers could do twice as much work if they knew how to wisely employ their forces. Most men do their work over about three times. First they do it by anticipation—thinking about it, and thinking about it; then by reality; and then by rumination—thinking it over after they have done it. Men wear themselves out with care and fear and anxiety; men wear themselves out with trudging up hill, because the body is in such a low condition that that which they ought to do by intuition they have to do by laborious research. Men insist upon boring through hard oak to get a miserable peep hole through which to look at the truth, when a whole window, crystalline and transparent, is before them, if they only knew how to use it.

A high bodily condition gives men the power to think and execute better. And when the millenial day comes, among the signs of it will be the fact that men understand their bodies; that they know how to bring them to their highest condition; that they know how to make them perform the maximum amount of work that they are capable of performing, without wasting and abusing them; that they know how to fill up what they do with double the quantity of exertion that they now know how to put into it. But this will not be until men know how to consecrate their bodies and make them holy in the sight of God. And I do not know of any questions that need to be treated more in Charity Schools, and Mission Schools, and Young Men's Christian Associations, than bodily questions.

Young men come into life not knowing the meaning of their passions; without knowing the laws or the drift of their appetites. Many times through ignorance they fall into habits that drain their very life-blood, and undermine their whole constitution. And when they come to years of discretion, so as to know what is wise and what is unwise in the care of themselves, the work is done, they are damned, and they cannot be restored. There are thousands of men who, for the want of a mother to talk to them, for the want of a father to teach them, have utterly destroyed the vitality and taken out the very stamina of their life.

Now, somebody ought to teach somebody to teach somebody else. If there are no Christian physicians in the land to teach young men what is the organization of their bodies, what are the metes and bounds of indulgence, and what is the meaning of those secret sins and pleasures which carry hell in them, it seems to me that the place where these things ought to be taught is Young Men's Christian Associations. If they are too delicate to be taught by preachers in the pulpit, they ought not to be so delicate but that somebody can teach them somewhere.

A true and full Christian worships God with spirit, soul, and body. That is, a full worship is one which includes in it all the agencies that go to constitute true manhood.

I remember once being alone for an hour or two on the top of Mount Washington. I separated myself from the party that I was with that I might be alone. And I recollect distinctly that in that high mountain air, with perfect health, and with the most exquisite sensibility to every thing that there was around me, I had the feeling that in the mere consciousness of physical health there was more pleasure than most men are able to get out of the whole round of artificial society excitements. I was struck with how much the body has of pleasure in animal health. You see it in children, in the young, in their exuberant overflow of joy in mere motion, in the simple act of bounding.

Now, the body ought to be kept at that state in which its joy, its overflow, shall be, as it were, an offering unto God. Health, and pleasure in health; activity, and fruitfulness in activity—these are not prayer, but they range themselves right along by the side of it. I am not speaking of their relative importance, but of their moral quality. Where a man has physical excellence which results from watch and care, and where he has a conception of his body as consecrated to God in such a way that he keeps it pure, and sweet, and clean, and healthy all through, and makes it musical with joy, he is constantly rendering praise to God; he worships God continually.

A new light is thus thrown upon the shame and guilt of bodily dissipations. There is great glory in presenting our bodies living sacrifices. Let me open that a little. A mother is sometimes called to watch over her children in sickness for which she is not responsible, though the community may be; her house is turned into an hospital; she is deprived of rest by night and is overtaxed by day; perchance she is low down in life, a martyr to the household, where God will find His chiefest and noblest martyrs in the last day; and her sacrificing her life under such circumstances is beautiful and worthy of praise. A warrior may perceive that the exigencies of the service demand not only that he should dwell in malarial districts, but that he should tax himself days and nights without rest, or that he should offer up his body in battle; and if the end be good, it is a living sacrifice most noble that he makes. A patriot may perceive that his country will live by his dying; and he may offer himself for the welfare of his country; and the offering is a most noble one. Nothing can be conceived that is more noble than the despising and treading under foot the body under such circumstances. Nothing is fit for a gift except that which is worth keeping. By as much as the body is beautiful, and powerful, and noble in its right uses, it becomes fit to be offered up to God, in one's country, or in one's household.

But what an awful and wicked thing is the other kind of sacrifice which men make of their bodies to devils! What an awful thing it is for a man to count himself only fit to associate with the animal kingdom. How many men there are that are burning secret fires of death within them! How many men there are whose passions are poisoned! How many men there are whose whole systems have been unstrung! How many men there are who gluttonize life away! How many men there are who consume their life with intoxicating drinks! How many men there are who by various excesses are taking out the pabulum of the body and destroying themselves! And by as much as it is noble to make a living sacrifice of the body for a noble cause, by so much it is despicable to make a living sacrifice of the body to lying courses and wicked ways.

I appeal, therefore, to every man who has children to rear; I appeal to every mother who has a family that is largely dependent upon her for guidance, whether it is not time that there should be more instruction in the household in respect to the uses of the body. I appeal to all those who are imparting intellectual and spiritual instruction to the young, whether there is not something more to be taught. Is there not something more fundamental that should precede and accompany these instructions?—*The Herald of Health.*

☞ Steel is thought by Professor Winter to be an excellent material for domestic vessels, such as saucepans. The entire vessel may be in one piece, without rivets or soldering, will heat quicker, and is more healthful than copper. Russ, of Gratz, has carried this idea into practice, and manufactures steel household utensils very successfully.

☞ Recently a girl thirteen years of age, in the state of Illinois, committed suicide by hanging. The reasons assigned for this rash act would appear somewhat ludicrous if the consequences were not so tragic. The cause of the young lady's determination to put an end to her existence was the fact of a *corset* having been purchased for an elder sister and none for herself.

☞ Nearly every bird pleases us with its lay, but none is sweeter than the hen's.

☞ A Western Hoosier called on a boat captain to sell him a saddle of mutton. "Say, captain, don't you want to buy a nice saddle of mutton to-day?" "No; I would as lief eat dirt," replied the captain. "Well," said the Hoosier, "it's according to how a man has been raised. *Now, I would rather eat mutton!*"

☞ There are 800,000 people living in New York, with less than fifty thousand dwelling houses for their accommodation. Therefore an average of about sixteen persons reside in every house.

☞ The earliest tubular bridge—the *bridge* of the nose.

☞ Better be right than conquer in an argument. Better bear the assumptions of ignorant men than waste your dearly bought experience on fools.

☞ A young lady who had been languishing for several years in St. Louis under a mysterious disease which baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians, it has been ascertained by a dentist, was dying from a slow poison distilled through the system by the amalgam with which two of her teeth had been filled.

☞ Don Jose Baptista Baillo de la Mancha, a very wealthy Spaniard, has just left the necessary funds for saying fourteen thousand masses, ten thousand of which are for his ancestors, two thousand for himself, and as many for the repose of souls in purgatory generally.

☞ In a street of Paris, the other day, a lady's crinoline became loose and fell off. Great was the hilarity of the public and the distress of the fair one. But onward she went. A gentleman who had the courage to pick up the fallen property, and to run after the lady with it, received a detonating smack on his face as his reward. The lady then burst into tears, and retired with her property into a shop.

☞ An irascible old gentleman was taken with sneezing in the ears lately. After sneezing in the most spasmodic manner eight times, he arrested the paroxysm for a moment, and extricating his handkerchief, he thus addressed his nasal organ, indignantly saying, "O, go on, go on—you'll blow your infernal brains out presently!"

☞ In a Western Sabbath-school, a boy was asked to give an account of Moses. "Moses," said the boy, "was born on the banks of the Nile in a basket. As the infant lay in the basket, concealed in the bushes, a huge crocodile came swimming along, and approaching him said: 'Moses, almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' Whereupon the infant stretched out its little arm towards the crocodile and said: 'Verily, thou art the man.'"

☞ Struck by Lightning.—An Essex paper, in giving an account of a family being struck by lightning, says: "They were sitting round the table at the time, and were terribly shocked, all believing themselves *dead for some time.*"

☞ Gold.—It has been ascertained by statistical research that the aggregate production of gold in the world for eighteen years past is $3,341,500,000. The Pacific states and territories yielded nearly one-third of the grand total, and Australia and New Zealand produced nearly one-fourth of the whole amount. The average annual production for the same period is $185,638,888, which is an annual addition every year to the world's stock of gold.

☞ In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unspeakable; the most impressive prayer is silent; and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one whose lips are cold.

Victor Hugo on England.

The following is an extract from Victor Hugo's recent remarks on the Exposition of Paris:

"But let the kings stalk, the courtiers crawl, and the mob stare, while the nephew of Napoleon cajoles to Paris those whom the uncle commanded thither. The first Napoleon haughtily waved them to his capital with a glittering sword, the third Napoleon lures them to his metropolis with a glittering glass-house. The end is worthy of the means. The victor smiles from on high upon the bird-catcher. Let it pass. The glass of the gasometer is not more fragile than the name inscribed on it. The field of Mars will ere long cease to be decorated by the toy-shop of Mercury. Let me look away from the scene of shame, servility, and silver lace, and let me cast my eyes on the sea. Over that sea in calm majesty lies the proud island whose existence consoles me for a thousand continental crimes, and vindicates for me the goodness of Providence. Yes, proud England, thou art justly proud of thy colossal strength, more justly of thy god-like repose. Stretched on the rock, but not like Prometheus, and with no evil bird to rend his side, rests the Genius of England. He waits his hour, but he counts not the hours between. He knows it is rolling up through the mystic gloom of the ages, and that its chariot is guided by the iron hand of Destiny. Dare I murmur that the mists will not clear for me, that I shall not hear the wheels of the chariot of the Hour of England. It will come—it is coming—it is come. The whole world, aroused as by some mighty galvanism, suddenly raises a wild cry of love and adoration, and throws itself upon the bounteous bosom of England. Thenceforth there are no nations, no peoples; but one and indivisible will be the world, and the world will be one England. Her virtue and her patience have triumphed; the lamp of her faith, kindled at the Apostolic altars, burns for a beacon to mankind; her example has regenerated the erring, her mildness has rebuked the rebellious, and her gentleness has enchanted the good. She is henceforth Humanity, and London, her type and her temple, shall be the Mecca and the Jerusalem of a renewed universe. Hail, noble London, volcano of the ever-living fire of truth, abyss of the light of civilization, Niagara of the waters of healing! I crown thee with the flowers of a happier Elysium; I strew before thee the asphodel and the amaranth of a celestial Flora. It shall be thine to undo the work of Babel, and with a pardoned sigh the son of France recognizes in thy tongue and Shakspeare's the one language of the Ages. England, London, lovely mother and lovelier daughter, I prostrate myself by the sea that kisses your feet, and with lips dewed with the holy spray, I murmur, Esto Perpetua!"

☞ "That's what I call repetition," exclaimed a wag the other day. "What's that, Tom?" said his friend. "Why, look at the sign across the way—J. E. Weller, jeweler."

☞ Such is the blessing of a benevolent heart, that, let the world frown as it will, it cannot possibly bereave it of all happiness, since it can rejoice in the prosperity of others.

☞ Mr. Horace Greeley is said to have gained a point at Albany from the advocates of female suffrage. Their committee recently presented themselves before him, and Mr. Greeley is said to have succeeded in obtaining from them the concession that if allowed to vote, in case of a draft they expect to do their share of the fighting also.

☞ The haunts of Happiness are varied and rather unaccountable; but you will oftener see her among little children, home fire-sides, and country houses, than anywhere else.

☞ A person that would secure to himself great deference will, perhaps, gain his point by silence as effectually as by anything he can say.

☞ Some people use one-half their ingenuity to get into debt, and the other half to avoid paying.

☞ To rise to a moderate position by mere merit is more noble than to attain to the highest by favor and partiality.

☞ It is what the hand findeth to do that must be done with might, and what the hand findeth must be at hand—reachable.

☞ Dr. Holmes says that easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

☞ The war upon dogs has been commenced in most American cities. Dayton, however, has a mayor who thinks that it is the proprietors of the dogs who ought to be knocked on the head, and he has issued a proclamation warning them that it is "unlawful for *any person*, owning or having control of or harboring any dog or animal of the dog kind, to *run at large*, for the term of sixty days, *without being muzzled.*" This is rather rough on proprietors of dogs; but then muslin isn't always objectionable, even in warm weather.

☞ There are nearly six thousand breweries in Bavaria, to a population of 4,700,000; that is, one brewery to 783½ men, women and children. Yet drunkenness is said to be almost unknown.

☞ It is said that when Thackeray was in Charleston, S. C., in 1856, he met there Mrs. Susan Petigru King, an authoress, and a brilliant and rather saucy woman. On being presented, Thackeray, who had been told something of the lady's peculiarities, said: "I have heard that you are a fast woman, Mrs. King." Without suffering a shadow of annoyance to appear on her broad but *espiegle* face, Mrs. King responded: "And I have been told that you were a gentleman."

To the silk as is the bandle
On which parasols are built,
Even so, from waist to sandal,
Is my Laura to her "tilt."

☞ A noted politician was recently caught by a friend in the act of perusing the Scriptures. Upon asking him what particular portion of the good book he had selected for examination, he replied, "I am reading the story about the loaves and fishes."

☞ Finding Stock.—A chap from the "bush" was patrolling the streets a short time since, with a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, and gazing at the signs, when one which was labelled "General Fancy Store," attracted his attention. He entered, chewing his "gingerbread," and after a severe effort at swallowing, like a hen eating dough, he exclaimed, "I swow! you must be a darned lucky chap tew *find* all these here things. I spose you hain't found my umbrellar nor nothing, have you?"

☞ The New York Common Council contains some bright legislators. On Tuesday, one of the councilmen made a motion to put up in the Council Chamber, municipal *ornaments* to commemorate Morse, who invented the telegraph, and Watts, who *invented* steam.

Neuralgia.

A correspondent writes to us that having derived great benefit from a simple remedy for neuralgia, he thinks it ought to be made public. He says he has suffered for over twenty years from attacks of severe neuralgia in the legs, sometimes almost causing lameness. Medical treatment, change of air and other remedies being without effect, he tried a change of clothing, and wore very heavy, warm, red net woollen drawers, and this relieved him. Our correspondent states his opinion to be, that a large amount of the neuralgia cases now so common, might be relieved by extremely warm woollen clothing, and says that even the heaviest and most expensive silk will not answer.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

☞ Santa Anna was shot at Sisal, by the Liberalists, on the 25th. The French soldiers captured at Vera Cruz were allowed to leave Mexico, and they arrived at Mobile in a Mexican steamer.

☞ It may not be generally known that the piano was invented at Florence, in Italy, by Bartholomew Cristofalis in the year 1710.

R. R. R.—Radway's Ready Relief.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the Relief guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other Liniment, no kind of Pain-killer, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactory as Radway's Ready Relief. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions, pain, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for Sprains, or Burns, or Scalds, or Cuts, Cramps, Bruises, or Strains. It is excellent for Chilblains, Mosquito Bites, also Stings of Poisonous Insects. It is unparalleled for Sick Headache, Apoplexy, Rheumatism, Toothache, Tic Doloureux, Inflammation of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-eowtf

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Holloway's Pills and Ointment are the safest and best remedies known for the whooping cough. A few doses of the Pills, with the Ointment at same time rubbed thoroughly into the chest and throat, will relieve the most violent cases. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. Doctor Dales, Mr. Daniel W. Mathers to Miss Anna R. Smith, both of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. Edwin Adams to Miss Julia F. C. Tarbit, both of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. Saml. Durborrow, Henry L. Reinholt to Mary E. Goffin, both of this city.

On the 26th of June, by the Rev. H. S. Norris, Mr. William Hughes to Miss Kate A. Sanders, both of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. J. Dickerson, Mr. Thomas F. Cranagmile to Miss Eliza Merwine, both of this city.

On the 6th of June, by the Rev. Jas. Crowe, Mr. William Corson to Mary Elizabeth Krasher, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 2d instant, of heart disease, R. C. Kenpall.

On the 1st instant, Joseph H. Downing aged 46 years.

On the 1st instant, William C. Dailey, aged 25 years.

On the 30th of June, Mrs. Mary A. Hill, aged 31 years.

On the 30th of June, Margaret, wife of Thos. E. Sealy, in her 30th year.

On the 30th of June, William K. Vansciver, in his 52d year.

On the 29th of June, Alice Kitfield, in her 83d year.

On the 29th of June, Charles W. Robertson, in his 42d year.

On the 28th of June, John Harvey, in his 63d year.

On the 27th of June, Anna Williams, in her 29th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues very dull. About 3000 bbls sold at $8@8,50 for superfine; $9@9,50 for extra; $9,75@11,50 for low grade and fancy Northwest family; $10@12 for Penna and Ohio family, and $13@16 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $7 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues very scarce. About 2000 bus good to prime Penna red sold at from $1,50@2,80; 600 bus California at $3; 1400 bus do at $3,10. Rye; 1600 bus sold at $1,5@1,55 per bus for Western and Penna. Corn; 30,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1,11@1,18, and 2,000 bus Western mixed at $1,09@1,12. Oats; 26,000 bus sold at from 81@82c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is more doing, and sales are making at $22,50@23 ₩ bbl for new mess Pork; 15@15c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 14½@15c for pickled do, and 9½@9½c ₩ lb for salt Shoulders. Mess Beef is selling at from $17@20 for Western, and $23@24 ₩ bbl for city packed. Beef Hams are quoted at $41@42. Lard—Sales of bbls and tcs at 12½c ₩ lb; kegs at 13@13½c, and No. 1 Lard at 13c ₩ lb. Butter—Small sales are making at 9@12½ for roll, and 9½@10c ₩ lb for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 15@16c ₩ lb for New York factory. Eggs sell at 20@22c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—About 400 bales of middlings sold in lots at 26@26½c for Uplands, and 27@27½c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—Sales 1st No. 1 Quercitron at $42 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 41½@42c ₩ lb.

COAL—We quote white ash at $4,50@4,75, and red ash at $4,75@5 ₩ ton, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales prime Western at 80@85c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Dried Apples; sales Southern are recorded at 5@6½c and Western at 6½@7c. Dried Peaches range at 10@11c for halves; 8@10c for quarters, and 22@23c for pared.

SEEDS—We quote prime Cloverseed at $5@5,50 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy sells at $3@3,25, and Flaxseed at $2,85@3, 10 ₩ bus.

TALLOW—City rendered sell at 11@11½c, and country at 10½@10½ ₩ lb.

WOOL—The market continues dull. Sales of 110,000 lbs new unwashed at from 31@35c. Small sales of old are making at from 61@62c for double extra; 55@57c for extra; 55@58c for fine; 48@52c for medium; 43@45c for coarse; 55@57c for good tub washed; 43@45c for inferior do; 45@47c for extra Western pulled, and 31@35c ₩ lb for No. 1 Western pulled.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized from 17@19 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $40 to 60 ₩ head. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ₩ lb. 3200 Hogs sold at from $8@8,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$2.50
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

Angry Letters.

An angry letter, especially if the writer be well loved, is so much fiercer than any angry speech, so much more unendurable! There the words remain scorching, not to be explained away, not to be atoned for by a kiss—not to be softened down by the word of love that may follow so quickly upon spoken anger. Heaven defend me from angry letters; they should never be written except to schoolboys or men at college, and not often to them, if they be any way tender-hearted; this, at least, should be a rule through the letter-writing world: that no angry letter be posted till four-and-twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written. We all know how absurd is that other rule, that of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out the spleen at the fullest; it will do you good; you think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me, that you will then have a double gratification.

The Effects of Tea on the Skin.

If you pour a few drops of strong tea on a piece of iron—a knife blade, for instance, the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix it with iron filings or pulverized iron, you can make a fair article of ink. If you mix it with fresh human blood, it forms, with the iron of the blood, the tannate of iron. Now, when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach are rapidly absorbed by the veins and absorbents of the stomach, and enter into the circulation, and are thrown out of the system by the skin, respiration and the kidneys, it is probable that a drink so common as tea and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it be possible that tannin introduced with so much warm liquor, producing perspiration, will have no more effect upon the skin? Look at the tea drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the old women of America, who have so long continued in the habit of drinking strong teas. Are they not dark-colored and leather-skinned? When young they were fair complexioned.

☞ He must be a fast man who keeps up with the news, when it goes by telegraph two thousand miles a second.

MINE ONLY.

BY M. W. M.

The hand that I so fondly clasp
Within my own,
Must ne'er have thrilled to any grasp
Save mine alone.

The lips that mine so lightly press
Must never know
From other lips the soft caress
That mine bestow.

The form that I with rapture fold
In twining arms,
Once circled by another's hold
Would lose its charms.

If ever on another breast
Had lain thy head,
The glory of each golden tress
For me were fled.

The maiden blushes on thy cheek
That come and go,
And deepen when of love I speak
In whispers low,

If kindled by another's touch,
Or voice or eyes,
Would lose the charm which now so much
I love and prize.

The heart that yields itself to me,
And owns my power,
Until my coming let it be
A folded flower,

And in the love-light of my eyes,
Each leaf unclose,
To find itself, with sweet surprise,
A perfect rose.

Bachelor Brown's Courtship.

Richard Brown had lived a bachelor for forty years, and declared his intention of continuing in the state of single blessedness for the remainder of his life—greatly to the satisfaction of his relatives the Hinkles, with whom he resided, for be it known Uncle Richard was worth a cool half million, and the Hinkles were his only living relations, and unless, as Mrs. Hinkle said, some "nasty charity" came in for his property, who should he leave it to but to his own cousins or their children?

Hopeful as poor human nature is of longevity, Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle scarcely expected to survive their cousin, who was their junior by ten years, but Adelaide, and Rose, and Charles, and William, might in all probability be his heirs, and to this end the parents labored. Uncle Richard had the best room in the house, the best chair, the most particular consideration. His wishes were deferred to and his advice taken on every occasion, and he actually came to be loved; for, with all his quaint, old-fashioned ways, and his habit of sitting as utterly silent as though he had been deaf and dumb, he was a loveable man. Matters progressed smoothly enough until it was habit and not hypocrisy which made Cousin Richard actually master of the house.

He was very obliging—wonderfully so in most respects. He would attend to anything for anybody—match ribbons when nobody else could—escort the girls to places of amusement—go dutifully to church with their mamma—attend to marketing and the posting of letters, and the gas-metre, and the turning off of the water in frosty weather. He was always ready to search the house with a poker at the dead of night, when any one "heard a noise."

He went to the dentist with people who wanted their teeth drawn, and always seemed to have sugar-plums in his pocket. But one thing Cousin Richard would not do, and that was to exhibit the least sign of politeness to lady visitors.

He never saw one home. He never even spent the evening in their company. He invariably shut himself up in his own room and had his tea there when one of these individuals was reported to be in the house, and, when travelling, had been known in a train to shut his eyes tight when a young lady entered, and remain with them closed until she left the carriage. As a general thing, indeed, he always chose a carriage where he need not be intruded upon.

"It was just as well after all," said Mrs. Hinkle, but it was a peculiarity not quite as agreeable to Mr. H. when he found the pleasant task of "seeing Miss Smith or Miss Jones home" imposed upon himself. He argued that such duties were Cousin Dick's, though he never told him so. It would not have been pleasant to provoke him, and if anything could have offended Bachelor Brown mortally, it would have been to insist upon his offering any gallant attentions to the softer sex.

However, a day came at last which set the whole household in commotion.

Miss Amanda Dove had been invited to spend a week with the Hinkles, and Miss Dove, being a stranger, was to wait at the station until some one came for her in a carriage.

The Hinkles resided some miles out of town, and had not occupied their residence for many months, so that people were not always properly directed by the neighbors.

It was decided that Mr. Hinkle should escort Miss Dove, but before the day of her arrival dawned business had called that gentleman to Sheffield. Moreover, Mrs. Hinkle had the influenza, and the two boys were at boarding-school. No one was to be found to drive, and neither Rose nor Adelaide could handle the reins. Miss Dove was to come at nine, and what would she think of them if no one came for her?

"Indeed," said Mrs. Hinkle, "it would be shocking treatment for the dear girl. I must ask your Cousin Richard."

"You never dare, ma," said Rose aghast.

"In such a case, you know——" said Mrs. Hinkle.

"He'll not do it," said Adelaide.

"Of course not," said Rose.

Mrs. Hinkle shook her head.

"I fear he will not," she said, and, assuming an expression which would have done credit to Joan of Arc, mounted the stairs to Cousin Richard's study.

"Are you busy, Richard?" she asked as she entered.

"Not at all—sit down," said Bachelor Brown.

"You see how ill I am," said Mrs. Hinkle; "I can hardly hold up my head, much less drive, and Mr. Hinkle is away, and the boys too, and no one can handle the reins, and——"

"Well," said Bachelor Brown.

"And there is poor Miss Dove at the station with her trunk by this time," said Mrs. Hinkle, with a gasp.

"Ah!" said Bachelor Brown; "what a pity!"

Mrs. Hinkle felt she had not begun yet. Bachelor Brown could not understand what she wanted.

"It's a favor—a great favor to ask, I know," she said, "but couldn't you just for once do it?"

"Do what, Maria?" asked Bachelor Brown.

"Go for her," said Mrs. Hinkle.

"For Miss Dove!"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear do," said Cousin Richard.

"But——" began Mrs. Hinkle.

"Maria," said the old bachelor, "young ladies, my little cousins excepted, are my abomination. An affected, conceited, absurd set of creatures. I never had any thing to do with 'em, and I never will. No doubt she is capable of finding her way here. They all appear to be. I shan't go for her."

Mrs. Hinkle retreated.

"What will she think of us?" she said, sobbing.

"Don't cry," said Bachelor Brown, "I'll see if any of the hands over at Oats's place can drive over for her."

And out he went; but all the hands on Oats's place were busy with the hay, which stood in danger from a coming shower. Richard returned without the least success.

"A shower, too," said Rose. "Poor dear Amanda, I'll try what I can do with my cousin."

And in the study she spent an hour, teasing and worrying without effect.

"Let her 'get lost,'" said Bachelor Brown. "No doubt she'd like it. And as for her trunk, why can't girls travel with a portmanteau as we do?"

And Rose departed, pouting. She found Adelaide in an extremely merry mood.

"Don't laugh," she said, "think of poor Amanda."

"I am thinking of her," said Adelaide, "and Cousin Dick shall go. I'll tell a fib."

"For shame," said Rose.

"One ought to make some sacrifice for a friend," said Adelaide. "I'll tell him she's a child. He's always good to children."

"It will never do," said Mr. Hinkle; "he'll never forgive you."

But Adelaide ran up to her cousin's study and burst in with an exceedingly theatrical laugh.

"What a mistake!" she said, "and so stupid of them all. You think Amanda is a grown young lady, don't you?"

"Isn't she?" asked the bachelor.

"As if a child of nine years could be!" said Adelaide. "Poor little thing!"

"Poor little thing, indeed," said the old bachelor, hurrying on his coat and hat. "Bless me, why didn't you mention it? Poor little soul!"

And in a few minutes the light wagonette was driven down the road, and the Hinkles stood looking after it.

"I'm half frightened," said Rose.

"So am I," said Adelaide. "But it's done, and cannot be helped now. I'll manage to coax him to forgive me, and it wouldn't do to leave a friend in such a position, you know; and I didn't say she was a child.

Meanwhile Bachelor Brown drove to the station. It was a long drive over a bad road, but he kept on his way very cheerfully. He was extremely fond of children.

When, on reaching the station, he saw no sign of her presence, he grew alarmed. If she had been lost through his neglect, he could never forgive himself. He ran his fingers through his curly hair, and peeped into the ladies' waiting-room. Only a very fine, full-grown young woman sat there, and he retreated. The woman who waited in the apartment came out of her nook with a courtesy as she saw him, and he addressed her:

"Have you seen a little girl waiting for some one?"

"No, sir," said the woman. "There were two come down, but they are gone."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said Bachelor Brown; "I hope there's no mistake. It's a little Miss Dove, and if the dear little soul has gone astray I'm entirely to blame. Please make inquiries—there's a good woman!"

As he uttered these words the full-grown young lady in the waiting-room was seen to blush violently and to arise.

"I'm Amanda Dove," she said, "and I expected some one from Mr. Hinkle's."

Bachelor Brown stood aghast. He had spoken of this lady as a "dear little thing." His face also turned scarlet.

"I—I beg your pardon, ma'am," he began. "I expected to find a little girl—I wouldn't have used such expressions for the world—I—"

"I comprehend," said the young lady; "don't mind in the least. I—"

"Is this your trunk, ma'am?" said Bachelor Brown, in a hurry.

"Yes, sir," said the lady, looking down.

And in a few moments the two were driving towards the Hinkles' country seat. Never had Bachelor Brown found himself so close to any young lady, save his cousins, before. He was wofully confused, but somehow he liked it. How pretty she was, he thought. How pink and white; how golden her hair was. How the blue ribbons of her bonnet set it off. Then he began to wonder what she thought of him. Wondering thus, he forgot the road, and suddenly found that he had lost himself. To add to the dilemma, the storm, which had been threatening for hours, burst at the very moment when Bachelor Brown found it impossible to tell whether the left road or the right led homeward; and the horse was afraid of lightning, and grew restive. Miss Amanda Dove was afraid of lightning also. She gave a little scream, and clung to Bachelor Brown's coat sleeve.

Bachelor Brown looked down at her. It was such a soft, plump hand. Her eyes were so round and so blue in her terror that he forgot she was a young lady.

"I'll take care of you," he said; a flash of lightning, a roar of thunder, an attempt on the part of the horse to run away, interrupted him.

Miss Dove turned pale. Bachelor Brown looked terrified. He cast a glance about him. Near the road was a parsonage, connected with its church by a garden.

"I tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll ask for shelter until the storm is over. A clergyman ought to be Christian enough to take us in."

And, driving to the gate, he assisted Miss Dove to alight. As he did so two hired men rushed out and began to attend to the horse and vehicle, and an old lady and gentleman appeared upon the steps.

"So glad you're early enough to escape the worst of the storm," said the gentleman.

"Do come in," said the old lady. "We were expecting you—for on such an occasion people always keep their appointments, rain or sunshine, I believe."

"What on earth does she mean?" said Bachelor Brown. "But it's very kind of them," and so, while the old lady hurried Miss Dove away to dry her things, he sat with the old clergyman in the parlor.

"Do you feel at all nervous, sir?" said the old gentleman, after a pause.

"No, sir, thank you," said Bachelor Brown.

"Most men do, sir," said the clergyman.

"Yes; lightning is a nervous sort of thing," said Bachelor Brown.

"I did not allude to the storm."

"Indeed, sir."

"But to the approaching ceremony."

"Eh?" said Bachelor Brown.

"In your note, you know, you told me that you were too nervous to stand before the whole congregation in church, and preferred a quiet wedding at my house," said the old man.

Bachelor Brown stared at him in astonishment. The truth dawned upon him.

"You expected a—a young couple?" he said.

"Oh, you are quite young enough, sir," said the innocent clergyman. "And I must say the young lady appears a very charming person."

Bachelor Brown felt himself blush.

"Should you think she'd make a good wife?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly," said the clergyman.

"And you think a man is—happier—for—for—entering the nuptial state?" he inquired.

"No man can be happy without so doing, and it is every man's duty," said the old gentleman, believing every word he said.

"She is a dear little thing," thought Mr. Brown to himself. "I never liked a girl so much. It's very awkward to explain. I wonder whether—"

And just then Miss Dove entered the room, looking angelic without her bonnet to Mr. Brown. Bachelor Brown drew her aside.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Dove," he said.

"Dear me," said Miss Dove.

"They've made a mistake," said Bachelor Brown. "They think we—we—we are—are people they expect—a—a young couple, you know, about to—"

"Oh, dear, do they?" whispered Miss Dove.

"Yes," said Bachelor Brown. "Now it would be very awkward to explain. And I like you so much. Couldn't you like me, too, and let him do it—eh?"

"Do what, Mr. Brown?" said Amanda.

"Marry us," said Bachelor B.

"Of course not," said Amanda. "What would the Hinkles say?"

"They'd be delighted," said Richard, growing bolder. Then he put his arm around her waist.

"I don't know much about this sort of thing, but you are the only nice girl I ever saw. Please do. I'm not such a bad fellow. I'll be good to you."

"I know you are good," said Amanda, "but—"

"But then I'm ugly, eh?" asked Richard.

"Ah, no, not at all."

"Well?"

"It would be so odd."

"Well," said Bachelor Brown, "that's my fault, and they know I'm odd, my dear."

Four hours after the Hinkles heard the light wagonette drive to the door, and rushed out to greet Amanda.

"We've been so alarmed," said Mrs. Hinkle.

"Such a storm," said Rose.

"Were you frightened?" asked Adelaide.

But Amanda said nothing.

Uncle Richard, too, shrank back, as though he were afraid of something.

"Tell 'em, Amanda," he said.

"No; you tell them, Richard," said Amanda.

The Hinkles listened in amazement.

"What is there to tell?" asked Mrs. Hinkle.

"What is all the mystery about?"

And Cousin Richard answered, sheepishly:

"Nothing—only we've been getting married. This is my wife, Mrs. Brown."

It was the only explanation ever offered. The Hinkles never comprehended it. It was always a mystery to them; and though they were profuse in their congratulations, and always continued the best of friends, the fortune which might have been Rose's or Adelaide's rather troubled Mrs. Hinkle; and she always declared in secret family councils that she was perfectly sure Uncle Richard married out of spite to punish Adelaide for the trick she played upon him.

The Nightingale.

The nightingales are still in song in England. But it is in the middle of April that their earliest notes are heard—the sounds of which are so remarkable, and so distinct from those of all other birds on account of their loud resonance and brilliancy.

The first burst of song generally occurs in the stillness of a mild and calm morning—when the winds of March are lulled—when an April sun fills the lanes and woods with a new warmth and pleasantness; and when the stillness is so complete that the slight snapping sound of bursting buds may be distinctly heard, as the young spring leaves assert their expanding power. On such a morning the loiterer, in a favorable locality, may suddenly hear a startling burst of melody, so loud, so sweet, so luscious in its superb and thrilling richness, that the effect is never to be forgotten.

A picture rises before me as I write—a most accurate reminiscence of the precise turn of a certain lane, with primroses on its banks, and above, the feathery branches of an over-hanging larch—forming the principal features of the spot where I first heard the song of the nightingale. I could still trace the graceful shape of the very spray upon which the delicately formed, silver breasted bird was sitting, when he suddenly gave forth that glorious gush of exquisite sound which so astonished me. In had never heard such sounds issue from the throat of bird before, and the effect was the more impressive and startling as occurring, not in the morning, but in the almost darkness of the deepening twilight, just as the moon was rising, and all other birds had long been silent. The song, however, notwithstanding the general belief, is more commonly heard in the morning, though it is much more remarkable in the silence of the night; and hence has arisen the popular fallacy that this bird sings *only* in the night. And, as a natural consequence, this belief has led to the popular name "nightingale," derived from the Germanic-Saxon "nachtegal," which literally means the night singer, from *nacht*, night, and *galan*, a singer.

But the beauty of the nightingale's song does not require the silence and impressiveness of night to set it off; and in this respect Shakspeare is not altogether right as a naturalist when he makes *Portia*, say:

The nightingale, if *she* should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren,—

The simple fact being that the superiority of the song of the nightingale to that of all other birds is beyond cavil or dispute. The thrush, the fauvette, the sweet-songed robin, even the aspiring lark, are but as a band of secondary choristers, compared to the glorious soloist, the great *primo tenor* of the woods, who flings out his chest C's with a power and splendor that neither Tamberlick nor Mongini ever approached. Buffon, who was a poet among the more prosaic naturalists, declares that the entire songs of other birds are but as a single couplet of that of the nightingale; and then goes out of his way to assert that a man cannot be properly constituted who is incapable of being profoundly impressed by this unrivalled melody. Another enthusiastic Frenchman, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, tells us, in his Confessions, that he felt a most enthralling and inexpressible pleasure in the notes of the nightingale, and was always most profoundly moved while listening.

The potent influence of this bird-melody has, indeed, been felt in all ages. The Greeks called the nightingale *Aëdon*, that is, "the singer," the singer *par excellence*—above all other birds; and also Philomela, that is, lover of melody. Its song consists of at least twenty-four distinct notes, without counting those innumerable trills, cadences, and extraneous bursts which form the climaxes to the various notes, or the links of connexion between them. The distinct notes of the series are very various in character. The first I ever heard was the one which connoisseurs technically term the "jugg." It is formed of a series of staccato tones, slightly rising above each other in pitch by such minute gradations as no instrument could imitate. These tones have somewhat the sound of jugg-jugg-jugg-jugg repeated from ten to twenty times, and sometimes many more, according to the spirit and strength of the individual bird, and they are terminated by a brilliant trill, culminating in a rapid burst of bravura sound that, heard for the first time, is perfectly electrifying. Another note is known as the "rattle," a performance which the finest and best sustained shake of a *prima donna* could never approach in trenchant brilliancy. Then, for contrast, there is the note known as the "bubble," soft as the sweetest sound of rippling water, but far richer and more musical, and which, like all the other notes, has its appropriate climax—generally a trill, followed by a final burst; but sometimes by a passage of fine drawn sounds, so exquisitely attenuated and so high in pitch, that the very finest hair-drawn notes in all, extracted from the first string of the violin by the bow of a Joachim, are left whole octaves below it.

These notes, and indeed most of those of the nightingale's song, seem given forth in joy and exultation; but there is one, which is of an entirely opposite character. It is known as the "dône," and consists of a series of wailing sounds, each rising by about a semitone, which, heard in the night-time, especially with its climax, which might be the breaking forth of the wail into a frantic burst of passionate grief, may, in former ages, have given rise to various forms of superstition. It is, undoubtedly, this special note that originally led the way to the popular estimate of the nightingale's song, as being of a deeply plaintive and even melancholy character—an estimate which most of the innumerable poets, who have described the nightingale and his song, have accepted at once, without investigation.

There is yet another popular fallacy very generally adopted by poets, who, as eulogists of sentiment and not science, necessarily work better upon a picturesque legend than a hard fact. The fallacy here alluded to is the one which supposes the *hen* nightingale to be the musician: and we get from poets of all epochs exclamations concerning *her* plaintive note, and how *she* pours forth her soft nocturnal wail. This popular error may have arisen from the association of the supposed wail with that connected with funerals, which was uttered only by women, the nature of man being supposed superior to such external signs of grief.

Still another popular fallacy, connected with the perversion of the natural history of the nightingale, is the fable of a thorn pressing against the breast of the female, while sitting upon her eggs—the pain of which was supposed to cause her plaintive lamentation: and upon which extraordinary supposition, we have from our poets such exclamations as "When Philomel forsakes the thorn," &c. This legend of the thorn may possibly have arisen from the superficial investigations of some poetical naturalist, who, wishing to ascertain the cause of the lament, and finding a thorn projecting into the nest, immediately cried "*Eureka!*" and proclaimed the elucidation of one of mysteries of nature; which explanation, being of a kind precisely fitted for acceptance by a superstitious and, as yet, ignorant race, would be greedily accepted. Such thorns may, indeed, often have been found projecting into nests—a circumstance which may be otherwise explained than supposing it to be an instrument of torture, mysteriously introduced in order to elicit the mournful music supposed to be poured forth by the suffering mother. The simple explanation is this: that the nest of the nightingale is constructed near the ground, among the branches of the spiny blackthorn or hawthorn; and it occasionally happens that a most convenient and well protected place is found, which, however, has the inconvenience of a tough little thorny branch, which, from its intrusive position, has to be built into the nest; which, though it causes but little inconvenience either to the mother or the young when they are hatched, forms a capital peg upon which to hang a pretty fable. So much for the song of the hen nightingale, and her wail and the fabulous thorn; after which it is scarcely necessary to assert that, as in the case of all other singing birds, it is the male that is the songster; though some instances are on record in which the female bird has possessed to some extent the power of song; just as among our barn-door fowls, a hen is occasionally heard to utter an imperfect *crow*, though no one on that account would think of asserting that it is the hen and not the cock that crows at daybreak.—*H. Noel Humphreys in London "Once a Week."*

☞ It is proposed to make the Broker's Board a round table, so that nobody need get cornered.

☞ Statistics show that cows in good condition require about thirty pounds of hay per day.

A LONG BRANCH LYRIC.

I.

Beyond the Stetson balustrade
  In thoughtful mood my lady strolls,
While 'neath alternate sun and shade
  Old Ocean's solemn billow rolls.
O lady sweet, O lady mine,
Those eyes that do like Hesper shine,
Say, are they lit by Love or Wine?

II.

Within, the drowsy elders prose,
  Or solemn sip Lafitte's Bordeaux:
While worn-out matrons slyly doze,
  Preferring Morpheus to Margaux.
But I should like to know, *ma belle,*
If those sweet eyes I love so well
Owe *all* their brightness to Moselle.

III.

Titania's self might shameless sip
  The drops my love so shyly tasted:
The dancing bubbles kissed her lip,
  But half the sparkling wine was wasted.
O dearest lady in the land,
One thing I fain would understand,
Why trembled so that soft, white hand?

IV.

The *menu* printed on white satin,
  With perfume of the famed Rimmel,
I've safely kept, concealed my hat in;
  Yet what our banquet was, to tell,
Where grew the fruits, where bloomed the vine,
Whose juice made that ambrosial wine,
Would tax this memory of mine.

V.

I only know that you and I
  Sat whispering softly side by side;
While conscious waiters passed us by,
  Or only came to be denied.
But when that *Charlotte Plombieres*
You looked on with such absent stare,
Where had your fancies fled, love, where?

VI.

O sweet one, in the days to come,
  When these Hyperean looks are thinner,
Safe in the haven of a home
  May we recall that Long Branch dinner!
And while we talk of auld lang syne,
I'll tranquil sit and sip my wine,
With your dear hand clasped close in mine.

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BENDIGO BILL KEEPS VIGIL.

A dark, warm, stifling night it was, even on the lofty cliff, as Bendigo Bill, after prudently waiting till the shades of evening should have gathered with sufficient thickness to cloak his proceedings from impertinent scrutiny, stole out of his hiding-place, and made his way towards the ruins. Those ruins he was fairly well acquainted with, having bird-nested and scrambled among the ivy and the gray stones in his boyhood, when the public had been permitted easier access to the extensive wreck of the abbey buildings, than was the case in these latter days of monster excursion trains and frequent travelling.

"I am in luck for once; or, mayhap, 'tis my lord's luck," said the garroter softly, as he slipped, with unshod feet, and carrying his nailed ankle-boots in his hands, into the precincts of St. Pagans; and he cast a glance upwards at the sky, and gave a grunt of contentment, for the weather was propitious to his purpose. All that day, there had been dusky masses of brass-colored cloud lying piled in mountain-ranges along the seaward horizon. Rounded and blurred at their edges, these great vaporous masses had floated in the hazy blue, now reddened to the tint of glowing hot copper as the sun's rays slanted athwart them, now heaped like dingy wool-packs, and presently blackening like the smoke from a burning town. Soon after sunset, a lazy air-current, too languid to be called a breeze, had begun to roll these cloud-ranges slowly down from the seaward, and to spread them like a heavy canopy over the darkened sky. It was only now and then that the moon shone forth through the rifts overhead, and after each of these glimpses, the pale light seemed to be swallowed up in a blackness more absolute than before.

Bendigo Bill was an adept at concealment. His stealthy progress towards the ruins would have done credit to a savage, and indeed, in this branch of useful knowledge, savages had been his teachers. Had he camped out with the black fellows during a portion of his bushranging career at the antipodes, and was it not from these able instructors that he had learned to crawl like a snake, and to take advantage of every inequality of ground, every tree, rock, and shrub; at one time to lie like a log in the tall grass, contented to advance by inches, or not at all; at another, to creep on hands and feet under the shadow of the tea-scrub, as a wild dingo creeps towards the live mutton of the flock! He reached the ruins without giving any alarm to man or dog, squeezed himself close to the doorway of the guest-house, and waited the pleasure of his patron.

Bendigo Bill was patient. Half-an-hour, an hour, and more than an hour, had gone by before he began to tire of his watch. He was hungry, after his long stay upon the hillside, or it is probable that he would not have found the time heavy on his hands even then. Now, to men of the ex-convict's class, men who have tried shepherding, bushranging, hut-keeping, and the other pursuits, innocent or the reverse, of Australian working-life, there is one resource that never fails to supply the lack of food, society, and comfort; one talisman that charms away lowness of spirits—tobacco. With that single specific, the bushman sits by his fire content, although his last ration be consumed, his way lost, his horse weary, and every water-hole in the river appears to be dry. Bendigo Bill now pulled out his pipe, filled it, kindled it, and sat resignedly smoking under the lee of a fragment of mouldering wall.

As the man sat and smoked, he thought too in a sort of narrow fashion, such as became a person so eminently practical. Even garroters think. Much brain-work, as a matter of principle, Mr. William Huller eschewed; but the business which had brought him to St. Pagans was something abnormal, and stimulated such ratiocinatory faculties as he was master of. He was doing a very unusual thing—deviating abominably from the strict code of professional etiquette in which he had been trained. This English Thug—whose only difference from his congener of India, lay in the fact that his Bowhanee was Plunder pure and simple, and that he wisely preferred to stop just short of murder—was sensitive on the point of honor. To poach, to sell a confederate, appeared to him as despicable an offence as some gross betrayal of state secrets would appear to a zealous Under-secretary; and yet he was going to spoil a scheme of considerable promise for the sake of a white-fisted aristocrat, one of that very class that he had considered as born to be robbed. The truth was that Lord Ulswater had established over him that kind of ascendency to which persons of a rough and fierce nature are not the least liable. As the artisans, and students, and schoolboys of Italy are stirred by the magic of Garibaldi's renown, and even babble in their sleep of the popular idol, the "Galibardo," who is to them at once hero, and saint, and crowniess king, so this sturdy member of the dangerous classes did homage to the man who had conquered him. Such scanty stock of romance as the ex-convict had within him was awakened by his encounter with one whom his rugged soul recognized as a born captain of men. He felt, rather than thought, how glad he should be if "my lord" would do something, start upon some venture, buckle to some enterprise, in which he, Bendigo Bill, could follow, trusty and staunch, through fire and water, if need were.

The time went on, however; the clock on the stable turret struck the hour for the second time. Bendigo Bill, as he puffed at his pipe, began to grow almost uneasy at the awful stillness and solitude of such a place as that, on such a night, with driving clouds above, darkness around, and no sound but the dull deep wash of the sea against the boulders of the beach. Old, long-forgotten stories of the strange sights that had been seen, and the strange sounds that had been heard among the ruins at St. Pagans, came gradually back to his memory. He had never been, strictly speaking, a believer in those tales of the supernatural which are ranked as ghost-stories; but any incredulity on his part was the result of no mental culture or religious conviction, but simply of the fact, that his muscles and nerves were of the toughest. A strong man, unimaginative to a degree, was not a whit more likely to care for the weird legends about the abbey than an inductive philosopher might have been; yet, as he remained in his hiding-place, and as the night-wind chilled his blood, he remembered enough of the gossip current in Shellton to make him wish he were elsewhere.

"Confounded crazy old place!" growled Bendigo Bill; "why don't they cart it away—adjective old rubbish that it is—no good at all to anybody?" This last sentence was spoken with an injured air, and in an injured tone. The garroter was not very tender of such relics of the past as came under his notice; and the sight of the ruins at the abbey moved him to an honest contempt and sincere dislike, such as those which Atahualpa, Inca of Peru, felt for the copy of the Vulgate that the Spanish monk bade him reverence and obey—he, to whom a book was an ugly calf-bound parallelogram, and nothing else. Thus spoke Bendigo Bill, quite unconscious of the number of distinguished persons, orators, sages, tribunes of the people, who agreed with him that not the abbey-stones alone, but very much more important legacies of the Past, robes, crowns, coronets, titles, privilege, power, wealth, the sceptre, the mitre, the diadem, gold-sticks and silver-sticks, should be viewed as lumber, to be carted off, on the first convenient opportunity, to Tophet itself.

But just as the graduate of Coldbath Fields University uttered this fashionable sentiment, a short-lived glimmer of white moonlight fell, like a smile on a wan suffering face, through a gap between the gloomy clouds as they sailed overhead. The ruffian started, and a curse rose to his lips, and died away there, half-uttered, and the hair bristled on his head, and the heat-drops beaded on his brow. He gasped for breath, as if a heavy hand had suddenly compressed his heart in its vice-like clutch. The moonlight had but shone and vanished, like the flickering of a lamp that sends up its dying flame in one last leap before it is quenched in darkness; but by that brief radiance, Bendigo Bill had seen, or thought that he had seen, a black shadow, in the monkish garb, glide silently among the shattered walls: for one moment, he saw the spectral figure, the cowl, the dark Benedictine robe, the girdle of rope, the tall stature that rose gigantic in the sickly play of the moonbeams. The sandalled feet made no noise as they trode the ground. The monk passed by, threatening, terrible, with hooded face, and arm uplifted as in menace, and in an instant the clouds closed above, and the night reigned again. The apparition was gone. Long and anxiously did the garroter wait for another flicker of the moonlight; none came. He wiped his hot forehead, and gave a sort of groan. "Saw it myself. I'd never have believed it, else!" he murmured doggedly, like one who is unwillingly convinced.

A quick step among the broken stones and tufted hummocks of grass-grown earth—Lord Ulswater himself, doubtless—and immediately afterwards Lord Ulswater's voice reached the garroter's ear.

"You, Bill, or whatever you call yourself—come out of your den, my man! How can any eyes but an owl's be supposed to see you by this light?" It was indeed by this time so dark again that the two men, patrician and plebeian, patron and client, could scarcely distinguish each other's forms as they met. "Hist! I thought I heard something," said Lord Ulswater in a subdued tone scarcely above a whisper, and he seemed to listen intently for a while, but presently appeared to be satisfied that he had been mistaken. "After all," he said, still cautiously, but with more confidence, "eavesdroppers are not much to be looked for hereabouts. The fools of servants dare not, for their very lives, stir out among these old stones after dark, for fear of bogies, I believe."

"Hush, my Lord! don't talk so, begging your pardon!" exclaimed Bendigo Bill, laying his hand upon the sleeve of his noble employer. "I have seen It—seen it not ten minutes since."

"Seen what?" asked Lord Ulswater impatiently.

"It—the ghost of the old monk—they always did say it walked—but I saw it, as I see you now," said Bendigo Bill, again wiping his forehead, and speaking with an evident effort, and a furtive glance over his shoulder, as though he more than half-expected to see the Thing creeping up behind him. By this time, the moon had again peeped out, and for a longer interval than before; and Lord Ulswater, with the white light full upon him, could mark how pale and ghastly the garroter looked.

"Nonsense, Bill. A stout-hearted fellow like you should be above putting faith in these old-women's tales," said the ex-convict's new patron, in a cheery, good-natured voice. "Moonlight plays strange tricks with the eyes, you know, and you have grown fanciful—Take a pull at this;" giving a little silver hunting-flask into the ruffian's trembling hand—"and you can have the bottle for a keepsake, if you choose. Drink, and be a man!" Bendigo Bill drank the brandy, and felt greatly the better for it, his fears of the supernatural world vanishing like a ghost at cockcrow. "Now," said Lord Ulswater, "if your nerves are steady again, I wish to be told the truth about this affair of our friends at Shellton; and I have the pleasure to repeat my assurance that no harm shall come to your worthy father, who is, I gather from you, one of my ill-wishers. Who is he, in the first place?"

"His name's Ben Huller, and he's on the parish," answered Bendigo Bill, with that reluctance which seems innate in the Englishman of any grade when a confession of poverty is to be got through. "Not a common pauper, though. The old beggar is a bit of scholar, and gets round the guardians. They've made him deputy-porter, and he *was* deputy-wardsman to the sick, and had the care of the dead-house at Shellton workhouse, and that was how Dr. Marsh came to deal with him."

"Go on," said Lord Ulswater smoothly—"go on. I do not see, as yet, what your father's official duties, and his dealings with Dr. Marsh, can have to do with me and my interests."

Bendigo Bill strained his eyes in vain to catch a glimpse of his patron's face; it was too dark for that, but had it been more possible to discern features than was the case, no betraying signs of emotion would have been visible on the handsome face confronting the ex convict. "As having the care of the dead-house," pursued Bendigo Bill, "he was able—for money—to bear a helping-hand on a certain day, years ago now— My Lord," burst out the man with sudden energy, "I want to stick to you through the whole of this ugly job. Mind, I don't ask your secrets. I don't exactly know, or care to know, what you've been up to—but you're in danger, if ever a great gentleman of your sort ever was in danger. It's a hanging touch—that's all—by what Marsh and my father said in my hearing—though I have heard tell lords like you have a right to have their heads chopped off—but death, anyway—and they say now they can prove it."

"A hanging touch!" Lord Ulswater's lip writhed as he repeated the hateful words. "You have a curt, succinct way of putting the matter, my friend, which is very convincing.—So your excellent parent, and that disreputable practitioner, Mr. Marsh, mean to bring me to the gallows, do they? May I ask Why, and may I ask How?"

Bendigo Bill crushed his pipe, which had fallen to the ground, beneath his heel, as he rejoined, almost apologetically: "Well, you see, my Lord, my old dad's a poor man—he's no spite against you; it's all for the sake of a handful of shiners. Marsh, the doctor, *has* a spite against you. He says he's a superior man, and you've been the ruin of his hopes. Besides, he expects to get a fortune by this."

"A fortune. I fear he will be disappointed. But I do not quite catch the meaning of what you say, as yet," said Lord Ulswater in the same low but clear voice in which he had spoken throughout.

Bendigo Bill shuffled considerably with his feet, and seemed to ponder his reply. At last he said, with manifest reluctance: "My lord, begging pardon for offence, which none is meant, the game you're been up to—so the doctor says—is murder."

"Murder!" Lord Ulswater had not wished to repeat the dreadful word, but it dropped from his lips involuntarily, like an echo of what his ruffianly companion had said. That hideous name for a hideous deed aroused the sullen echoes, in very truth, of the ruinous guest-house, as if it had raised a ghost, and the hollow sound came back with melancholy reiteration to the speaker's ear. Murder! A strange, wild, utterly improbable accusation, surely, to be coupled with the name of gallant, winning, frank-eyed John, Baron Ulswater. A long dreary pause ensued.

"Murder is a very serious crime, no doubt," said Lord Ulswater, breaking the silence; "and yet I hardly see how a fortune is to be gained by taxing me with such an offence. Hush-money, indeed—"

"No, my Lord," interrupted Bendigo Bill in a very decided tone; "not that. Marsh says he's tried your Lordship, and could not get you to bleed freely—them was his own words. He hopes to get paid by those to whom the estates would go after you."—Instantly there flashed upon the listener's mind the memory of those Carnacs, far away among the Gloucestershire wolds, who were heirs-at-law to the lands, though not to the title—a plain squire's family, whose last intercourse with the ennobled senior branch of the House had been held somewhere about the time of Wyatt's rebellion. They were mentioned in the old entail, though, made by that Lord Ulswater who had followed King Charles to Bruges, and who had desired to preserve the property to the race of Carnac, and the entail had never been cut off.—"And," went on Bendigo Bill, "they've got evidence. They wanted me, as I'm an old hand, to slip into the abbey some night, and rummage among your Lordship's papers, that Marsh says you keep in an old cabinet with a gilt-brass sort of plating over the drawers in the Blue Room, looking south."

Lord Ulswater laughed. "Mr. Marsh has a good memory," he said; "but there is no scrap of writing in that cabinet that might not be printed and published in the London newspapers. Only fools keep dangerous letters.—Anything else?"

"Yes," answered the man, in a lower and more cautious tone—"yes. And mind, my Lord, I speak for your good. Marsh has come back from London quite joyful, and bragging of his cleverness in having found out the address of some woman who would make a witness against your Lordship; and now he says he has you under his thumb."

"What woman?" exclaimed Lord Ulswater, with a sudden raising of the voice that was almost a cry of pain—"what woman?"

"Name of Fletcher," said the ex-convict in reply.—"Why, my Lord, are you ill?" For the moon had broken through the wrack of clouds again, and the ghastly pallor of Lord Ulswater's fair face was something terrible to see, now that the lips were tightly drawn back so as to show the white teeth, and that the eyes seemed starting from their sockets. The expression of the whole countenance was as that of one who sees a spectre rise before him, or of one who bears some physical torture so intense as to wring every nerve with the fierce thrill of bitter anguish.

Not one word did Lord Ulswater speak until the moonbeams had been swallowed up again by the black clouds, and then he resumed the conversation in a voice quivering with the emotion he no more cared to dissemble: "Do you know this person's address?"

"No; but I could find it out, very likely," answered the garroter.

"Good.—Now let us be practical. Get me the address, and I'll give you two hundred pounds. Help me afterwards in what remains to be done, without asking questions, and without flinching, and I will give you five thousand, and get you safely off to America at the end of it. That one job shall make a man of you for life."

"Five thousand pounds! that is a heap of money," said Bill very slowly, in answer to Lord Ulswater's last speech—"a heap of money. I belonged to a gang once that broke into a bank station in New South Wales, where there was money said to be hid, and nobody to take care of it but the old farmer and his wife—all the hands being stampeded off to the diggings at Finah Creek. I'd no share myself in beating out the old folk's brains, when they wouldn't give up the tin; but it was done, and the gold found. Our captain and two of our mates got hung for that, down at Burnt Flats Courthouse, and I was sent to the chain-gang. If there's any other way—"

"There is none," interrupted Lord Ulswater, rather hissing out the words than speaking them. "Idiot, chicken-hearted dolt that you are! to what purpose is it to tell me your stories of braining wretched misers for the sake of a few sovereigns tied up in a stocking, and then drinking yourselves blind drunk in some grog-store at the roadside, and tattling of the bloody deed—as your thick-skulled comrades did, no doubt—I know what happened as well as if I had been there—till the troopers got wind of the business. This is another affair. I am your captain, now, William Huller, and a better one than the booby who got his worthless neck squeezed, and serve him right, at Burnt Flats Courthouse. Listen! Not to-morrow, but on the following night, at the same hour, be here, and I will meet you. By that time, you must be acquainted with the address of this Mrs. Fletcher—do you hear? After that, I shall know what steps to take. For Marsh, I care nothing. But if that woman has really deceived me—if she is indeed in England, and in London, why, then—"

"Yes, my lord?" said Bill eagerly.

"Why, then," continued Lord Ulswater with a light laugh, "it is her life or mine—Be punctual. And now, good-night to you."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WILLIAM MORGAN'S LAST VISIT.

"I am very sorry," said Miss Hastings, looking down at the ground.

The person addressed broke out fiercely in reply:

"You are very sorry! You have done me a very great, grievous, and bitter wrong, Flora Hastings. You have taken my very life, and hope, and strength away from me, and I care for nothing now, since I have been deceived in you, that I loved very dearly—better than you deserved to be loved—and now I am thrown away like an old glove, and given up, and you are very sorry. Sorry!" William Morgan sneered very bitterly as he repeated this last word.

"What can I say?" exclaimed poor Flora, almost imploringly.

They two were alone together in the morning-room, the walls of which were hung with a gray French paper, on which there was a pattern, sprigs of flowers, in gold and pink, very small and unobtrusive. Fortunatus Morgan will very likely remember the pattern of that paper, and the flowery scroll-work of the Tournay carpet, and the exact position of the furniture, to his dying day, with that strange mechanical recollection which we have of the minutest features of a spot where we have suffered one of those great pains that only come once or twice in a life.

Flora had been crying; the bright drops clung yet to the lashes that fringed her blue eyes as she looked meekly down, as a sinner should. But there was no yielding in her attitude or in her heart. If Mrs. Hastings had fancied, as she very possibly did, that perhaps a forlorn hope might exist of William Morgan's winning back his promised wife in that last interview, it was tolerably evident that she was doomed to disappointment. Flora was really and truly weeping because she had been sincerely sorry for the suffering she had inflicted on the man whom she had never loved, for the sake of the man whom she did love.

As for William Morgan, his face, pale with sleeplessness, livid with anger, was not good to look upon. It was not in human nature that he should philosophically accept his own dismissal, *vice* Lord Ulswater promoted. He had a right to be angry, and he had certainly said, and perhaps abused, that right. He had said sundry savage things, whereof the sample quoted above was but a mild specimen, and his looks, and his manner, and the tone of his voice had added gall to bitterness. He was making himself peculiarly disagreeable, as it was his privilege to do.

"What can I do?" asked Flora, rather of herself than of him, as we all sometimes take counsel of ourselves as to what we are to do when things are at a dead-lock.

William Morgan pounced upon the opportunity as an owl swoops upon a mouse.

"What can you do?" he said vehemently. "That rests with yourself, not with me. But since you ask, I will tell you. You can be honest; you can keep your word to me; you can be faithful to your pledged engagement and to the man whom you accepted, before the world, as your future husband. This is what you can do, Miss Hastings."

Flora shook her head, and there were tears glistening, for the second time, on her soft cheek.

"That is impossible!" she said—"quite impossible. I beg your forgiveness with all my heart, and very humbly, I am sure. I would ask it on my knees, if that would move you to grant it to me. But what you say can never be."

"Why not?" demanded William Morgan, in a tone that might have been called threatening, and he clenched his hand as he spoke until the nails were buried in the flesh.

Silence. No answer came to the rude question, and it was repeated, still more rudely.

"Why not? I have a right to know."

Flora looked up, wistfully, in her suitor's angry face. Her own eyes swam with tears.

"Spare me this!" she said faintly; but there was no relenting in Fortunatus Morgan just then.

"I have a right to know, from your own lips, the shameful truth," he said grimly—"a right to hear from yourself, and not merely at second-hand, why you have chosen to break faith with me."

The girl turned to bay. She lifted her tear-stained face, and fronted him boldly, and there was a sudden sparkle of awakening spirit in her eye.

"You will not spare me," she said resolutely; "but I have tried to avoid giving you unnecessary pain. I love another man. I cannot break my word, given to him."

"Why can you not treat him as you treated me?" exclaimed Morgan, with quivering lips and a spot of hectic red burning on his pale cheek.

"Because I do love him," answered the girl simply.

The new member for Oakshire turned on his heel with a savage snarl. "Jilt!" he said—"fickle, heartless jilt!" The words were flung in the face of the courted and flattered belle of a London season as a stone might have been hurled at an idol.

The hot flush of indignation crimsoned Flora's cheek. "You are ill-bred, Mr. Morgan, as well as unjust," she said. "Heartless I was once, no doubt, but that was when I was base enough to accept your proposal. I shall not incur the imputation of heartlessness a second time."

Miss Hastings was moving towards the door, when the sight of the despair that was written on Morgan's sallow white face stopped and softened her. Women do not like to see a man suffer. It seems sometimes as if they regarded pain as a particular appanage of their own sex; but be this as it may, they certainly sympathize with a man's grief when they can understand the cause of it; not the less so, possibly, when, as in this case, the sorrow and agony, the wrench, and smart, and sting imply a compliment to the cause of so much torment. Flora turned back, hesitating, and Fortunatus Morgan saw and mistook her hesitation and its purport. In a moment he was beside her, and had her hand grasped between both of his. He gazed at her with eager eyes, bright with the light of hope.

"Flora, dear Flora, you cannot, at the last, bring yourself to do this cruel thing—to be false to me. Let all be forgotten, and let us be to each other as if this misery had never been!"

She to whom William Morgan spoke trembled very much, and changed color. It was piteous to hear this appeal, and to be obliged to answer it with the cold, hard monosyllable, No. It was sad to see the light of fresh joy and expectation shining in the young man's haggard eyes, and to have to quench it. But though she shrank from doing this, it was no change of purpose, but merely as a young surgeon, unsteeled by habit, shrinks from cutting deep into the sentient flesh of the living fellow creature that lies waiting for the plunge of the knife. Still he mistook her silence, and went on, hurriedly, in broken words, to talk of his own past wretchedness, to assure her of his forgiveness, to build up cloud-castles for the happy future. She felt that this must be stopped, but ah! what a pang did it cost her to speak out too clearly for any misunderstanding to endure!

"It cannot be as you say;" she uttered the words feebly, but with a great effort. "I will be your friend, your sister, if you will let me, but not your wife. I belong to Lord Ulswater. I am grieved to give you this pain." But here William Morgan flung away her hand, which till now he had held tightly between his own, and with a curse, horrible to hear from the lips of any man, but doubly horrible when coming from this cold, prim favorite of fortune, turned away, and hid his face. A minute, two minutes, three minutes, went dragging by, every second duly measured and recorded by the ticking of the pretty Paris clock on the mantel-piece. Those three minutes, to the man standing there with his face hidden in his hands, clenching his teeth hard to keep down the sobs that sought to betray the sorrow within him, were three very long minutes indeed.

Flora, looking on the suitor she had discarded, stood silent and embarrassed. To pity him and to pardon his violence, that was an easy task; but to say a single word that should not make matters worse, that was less easy. It was one of those cases in which the wisest policy is a masterly inaction. After a long pause, Morgan uncovered his ghastly face, and, with his right hand closed as if it grasped some imaginary weapon, took three or four quick strides through the room, turned, and walked back to the place where Miss Hastings stood.

"I have been rude," he said, in a slow, stammering tone, like that of a child that recites a lesson half learned—"very rude, and I beg you to forgive me. I shall not annoy or trouble you any more. It is over now, my dream, and I must live on alone."

"I hope, indeed I do, that you will be happy," said Flora earnestly—"that you will really forgive me from your heart, and forget me; and that when you find some one more fitted to be your wife than I, you—"

He interrupted her by a low, half-articulate utterance of mingled wrath and suffering, and his lips actually writhed as they shaped themselves into a smile such as it was sad to see. "Let us avoid common-place talk of that sort," he said roughly; "mawkish platitudes are thrown away in such a case as this." He turned upon his heel as he spoke, and again paced the room, repeating the same action with his closed right hand, as if it grasped a dagger that he was about to plunge into some hated heart. Miss Hastings stood embarrassed, eyeing him with pity, not quite, perhaps, unmixed with fear. Fear! It seemed so strange, so ridiculous, to connect the idea of fear with William Morgan! No one, unless it were his sister Ruth, whom her great love for him and need of his continued affection had rendered timid, had ever entertained any apprehensions of what the Croesus of Cramlingham might do. He had been but a milksop, boy and man. The very servants, agents, and hangers-on, of whom he had so many, and whose bread depended on his caprice, were not afraid of him. The small boys who were his fags at Eton had cared no more for him than the Ironsides of Oliver Cromwell cared for his meek highness, my lord protector, Richard. There are some men who naturally inspire a certain amount of terror even in those over whom they have no authority, just as there are others who might have the pomp and pride of power, the purple, the fasces, the lictors, and yet scare nobody—lambs in lions' hides. The Right Honorable Robert was a type of one of these classes; the M.P. for Oakshire of the other.

All was changed in him now—in this tame

inheritor of the wealth that a strong hand had clutched—in this poor prig, whose religion it was to be a gentleman, according to his narrow standard of what a gentleman should be. The great alchemy of pain made him, for the moment, another man. Flora Hastings, as she saw him now, pacing the room with hasty and uneven strides, pale, furious, haggard, with his fingers working as if they closed upon the haft of a poignard, felt some fear mingling with her womanly pity. What might he not do that was harmful, to his wretched self or to others, unless this desperate mood should burn itself out? The very rudeness and abruptness of his speech was doubly startling from one who had been the incarnate genius of commonplace, but who revolted against commonplace now, in his suffering and his despair. William Morgan, thus lashed by the Furies, was not good to look upon. He was in that fever of the blood and restless rage of the mind in which great crimes are done. The ruthless deeds that are chronicled in the records of our assize courts are not seldom prompted by jealous frenzy and spite, such as those which stung him. But these are the work of untaught or half educated men, not of those who have gone through the steady discipline and long training which had fallen to the lot of the owner of Cramlingham and the new knight of the shire. It is not too much to say that his education it was which saved William Morgan from doing some act of violent despair; and it may well be that Flora never knew how very near to death she, in her youth, and health, and bloom of beauty, had been on that day.

He went, at last, with scanty leave-taking, refusing to touch the hand which the girl held out to him in sign of reconciliation, closing the door with a hasty slam that echoed through the house, and crossing the entrance-hall with a hurrying step. In the hall, he met Mrs. Hastings, and she would have detained him, but he passed her without a word, and went out, making his way towards the outer gate. Mrs. Hastings, from a window that overlooked the grounds, saw the young man, sullen and ghastly of mien, pass on towards the road, his hat pulled down over his brow; and the reckless misery of his whole aspect moved her somewhat to compassion for him as well as for her own disappointment.

"It is all over now, mamma," said Flora softly; "he will come no more."

Mrs. Hastings gave a little sigh. "Ah! well," she said, reluctantly acknowledging the truth, "I suppose that when Lord Ullswater calls, he must be let in."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MR. MARSH ON THE WAR PATH.

"I'll be even with my lord yet," snarled Mr. Stephen Marsh of Shellton-on-Sea, M.R.C.S., and general practitioner. "Proud as he is, and deep as he is, and daring as he is, we'll cry quits presently." With which words he turned sharply round, and resumed his occupation of pacing to and fro, to the full extent of the brick platform, of the little Shellton railway-station. The ill-conditioned surgeon had a small black bag with him; he and his bag had arrived in the jingling red-and-green railway-omnibus, and he had twice tapped at the closed shutter of the booking-office window, on the up-side of the line, where, as yet, tickets for London were not procurable.

Mr. Marsh was going to London, and the fact that he had chosen to burden himself with such slender baggage as he had brought with him, showed that his return within the compass of a day was matter of uncertainty. He was going to London, and the errand on which he was bound was of no trifling moment, as might be inferred, not only by the deep lines of thought that seamed his frowning forehead, but also by the very unusual fact that he was entirely sober. When had he been sober before? Years, as likely as not, had elapsed since the doctor's bemuddled brains had been quite clear from the cobwebs of strong liquor, for he was a dram-drinker, one of those unfortunate persons who keep their unsteady nerves always excited by alcohol, and it was rarely that his naturally keen wits were clear from the mists of aqua-vitæ. But he was sober now.

A dangerous man! there was a red light in his dark eyes, deep-set in their bony cavities beneath his bectling brows, that boded no good. His mouth was naturally a firm one; and though the lips of no habitual drunkard can express a resolute will so well as those of a temperate man, Mr. Marsh's lips were tightened over his pointed white teeth in a manner which showed that their owner meant mischief. The very neatness of the surgeon's dress, to the eyes of any one familiar with the slovenly style of his usual attire, had in it something ominous. A dangerous man, no doubt; and at the same time, to judge by the shrewdness of his face, and the height of his forehead, a man who might have made his mark in the world, and won honest fame, had he not been the besotted slave of vanity and drink.

"I'll be even with my lord yet." He uttered the words low, but distinctly, with a sort of hiss like that of a snake. He ground out the words, as it were, in a sort of cadence, by the help of his measured tread; and the dull, regular clank of his iron-shod heel upon the brick pavement seemed to repeat the threat that his thin lipped mouth shaped silently: "I'll be even with my lord yet." Decidedly a dangerous man. One could fancy lean, vindictive Cassio even such as he. Damiens and Ravaillac would have been kindred spirits to that gaunt, intelligent, spiteful apothecary. There are men to whom knowledge is a saving talisman; William Morgan was one of these. There are others who, like the Treb'zond bees of which D'Herbelot prosed and Moore sang, extract poison from the blooms that yield sweet honey to the tenants of other hives; Stephen Marsh was one of these—a dangerous, desperate man—an embodied Envy.

There were a good many passengers bound for London on that day. The two porters of the tiny station were overworked. Many of these above-mentioned passengers were indeed four-footed creatures, with brindled hides, and curved horns, and cloven hoofs, looking wonderingly down from the sides of their crowded vans, and lowing disconsolate regrets for the green pastures for ever left behind. There had been a great cattle-fair at a neighboring town, and a drove of oxen had come into Shellton to be forwarded at the heels of the iron horse to London. Besides the cattle, and the rough men, infinitely more brutal than the large-eyed, submissive creatures whom they governed with goad and ash-plant, there were a good many candidates for places in the train. Some settling-day in the City had come round, and a surprising number of the visitors at the watering-place were more or less concerned therewith, and had to travel up accordingly. The crowd on the brick platform made the station resemble a Fierce station, where trains are few and passengers many, rather than an English one, where small diplomacy is required to secure a compartment to one's self.

There was one especial heap of luggage on the platform, a pile of trunks, hat-boxes, and so forth, of very superior make, glossy, brass-mounted, with nameplate, and lock, and water-proof cover to every box and case, very much better of their kind than may be seen in general. This luggage was watched and guarded, in a condescending but vigilant manner, by a person in black, so sleek and so respectable that he could be nothing else than a body-servant.

Mr. Marsh, impatiently walking up and down, had enough curiosity left in him to snatch a glance at the highly burnished nameplate on one of these well-protected trunks. "William Morgan, Esq.," said the surgeon sneeringly; "he, too, must be uncommonly fond of my Lord, I am sure. He has reason to be, has William Morgan, Esq." This he said audibly enough, but not till he was out of the immediate presence of the tall and elegant valet, once body servant to Lord Lovelock—a nobleman whose biography may be found episodically related in old numbers of the defunct *Satirist*—but who now deigned to call the parvenu proprietor of Cramlingham his master. Mr. Marsh knew all about William Morgan. Everybody always does know all about those over-rich fellow-creatures who are aggravating enough to pay income-tax on a hundred thousand pounds a year. The jilting of Fortunatus Morgan had given zest to the homely muffins and water-cresses at many a lodging-house tea-table in Shellton, and it had been some small satisfaction to the insolvent surgeon to know that a mighty man of wealth was even more miserable than he.

"William Morgan, Esq.! His sweetheart showed him the door—so they say; and the young fellow was as near cutting his throat as a man can be who doesn't do it," growled Mr. Marsh, as he gave a valedictory kick to the outermost of the glossy trunks. "It seems to me that William Morgan, Esq., and self might work well together." And he knit his brows and gnawed his lip.

Then the train came snorting in from the adjacent inland town of Flintham, Shellton-on-Sea lying at the extremity of a loop-line, and there was much shouting, and signalling, and steam-whistling, shunting of cattle vans, and switching of points, to make up the caravan in a complete form. When the bustle was at its highest, on a sudden there appeared upon the platform a gentleman and lady, both young, but the latter of whom, who was attended by two maids, was evidently in weak health, and unable to walk without a supporting arm.

Every one, except the graziers and drovers now bawling and thwacking among the frightened bullocks, knew very well that the newcomers were the Morgans, brother and sister; and every one stared very hard at William Morgan, to see how he looked, and whether he bore, so to speak, the scars of his late defeat. He looked pale enough to have lately risen from a sick-bed, but that was all. His manner was composed and unobtrusive, and altogether he somewhat disappointed those who knew his story, and who were on the look-out for some manifestation of his sufferings. However, his calmness was not accompanied by any good-humor. He paid scarcely any attention to his sister, and returned but brief and sullen answers when she addressed him. One or two of the Shellton residents, going up to the City to receive payment of their meagre incomes at their brokers' chambers, bowed to Fortunatus Morgan, as having met him at the manor on the occasion of some archery-meeting or dance, but he returned their salutations very coldly. He was in no mood for popularity-hunting. The eminently respectable valet kept out of his way, prudently; and this was a sign of stormy weather in the household, for Colonel Fitzgeorge had been quite accurate in saying that Morgan's man could do a great deal with him. In general, the Cramlingham was almost afraid of his valet. But on that morning he had sworn at the gentleman's gentleman with a hearty vigor to which the latter had not been accustomed since he was in the service of the late Lord Lovelock, who was irascible when luck was against him.

The train, with its supplementary carriages and cattle-trucks, at last came jarring and rumbling up to the centre of the platform, and there was hooking of coupling-chains, winding-up of coupling screws, unlocking of doors, and rattling past of barrow-loads of luggage. The station-master, obsequious to local importance, came forth to attend upon young Mr. Morgan and his sister, to whom still clung the prestige of honored guests at Shellton Manor and St. Pagans, in addition to the aureola of vast wealth and the dignity of parliamentary position. The Morgans were to have a first-class compartment to themselves; that was a matter of course; but it was not a matter of course that, as the Discarded was stepping into the carriage, some small but heavy object should slip from his pocket, and fall with a thump upon the platform.

"The devil take it!" said the member for Oakshire, so very savagely, looking back over his shoulder, that the two maids, now busy in settling Ruth's cushions and shawls, could not repress a little scream of perhaps sincere alarm. Morgan knew what he had dropped, well enough. It was a little double-barrelled pistol, gold-mounted, with damascened tubes of blue and gold, with a carved stock of walnut-wood, a spring ramrod, and the hammers down upon the gleaming copper-caps. A dainty, costly, little weapon, of exquisite finish, a toy in size, but a very dangerous toy—the sort of pistol for a suicide.

The station-master, the valet, and a porter all turned around immediately, but they were too late to pick up the object that had been dropped, or even to catch a glimpse of it. Mr. Marsh, who happened to be standing near, had a quick eye and a ready wit, and he darted on the fallen pistol, and caught it up from the ground, not exhibiting it to the general gaze, but, on the contrary, muffling it within the folds of the rug which he carried, along with his black bag, on his left arm. Morgan's eyes met his.

"Shall I give it you now, Mr. Morgan?—excuse me—I know you by sight—my name is Marsh, and I am a medical man; or would you prefer my handing it back to you when we reach London?" asked the surgeon, with a cool presence of mind due to the fact of his sobriety.

"Thank you! thank you! Presently, please. I mean in London, if you would oblige me so far," stammered Morgan, hot and flurried, and stealing a ghastly look at his sister. Ruth was startled, but that was merely because her nerves had been of late so cruelly shaken, and because the sound of her brother's voice in anger occasioned her to feel fresh fears for him. But she remained in happy ignorance respecting the episode of the pistol; and William Morgan, confused and ruffled, took his seat.

"If you want me, I shall be found in the next compartment," Mr. Marsh had said, the instant before the station-master closed the door; and he had spoken the words more meaningly than it is usual to speak. It was almost a command that he uttered, and the member for Oakshire had assented by a sullen nod.

Mr. Marsh did get into the next compartment, paying to the guard of the train the difference of fare between a first and second class ticket to London. His custom was to travel by the second-class; but, on this occasion, he regarded the few extra shillings as a sprat to catch a whale. He had the carriage to himself, most of the passengers preferring cheapness to comfort, and he felt sure that he had established a bond of union between the wealthy M.P. for Oakshire and himself, and that he should see Morgan very shortly. The bell rang the engine whistled, and off went the train. At the first stopping place, as the doctor had anticipated, the door of the carriage was jerked open, and William Morgan's pale face appeared. He got into the carriage, and bade a porter close the door.

"Now, Mr. Marsh," said he, "let us, if you please, have some talk together."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A PROPOSED PARTNERSHIP.

"Let us, if you please, have some talk together!" Very common-place words, no doubt, and quietly spoken, but the wily doctor noticed that William Morgan's hands were trembling, and that his lips trembled too.

A cold smile flickered about Mr. Marsh's bony mouth. "With all my heart," he said, and waited for the other to begin the conversation.

Fortunatus Morgan had never been a fluent speaker. It was with an evidently painful effort that he broke the silence.

"I have to thank you, Mr.—Marsh, if I remember rightly—for your tact and discretion just now. It was very kind indeed of you to screen the effect of my awkward thoughtlessness. People *will* talk, and—"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Marsh, with a sneer; "people will do that."

Morgan looked at him. As usual in such cases, the advantage in point of information was on the side of the worldly inferior. The insolvent surgeon knew a great deal about Morgan, while Morgan knew nothing of him. The member for Oakshire saw before him a shabby, shrewd, underbred person, and was at a loss to reconcile the doctor's present demeanor with the quick-witted delicacy of his act on Morgan's behalf at Shellton Station; however, he went on, more blandly than before.

"Allow me, as I said, to thank you very much. I shall be glad, if ever I have an opportunity, of returning the service you have so kindly done me, to prove that I remember it." With which, the new member of parliament held out his hand for the pistol.

But instead of restoring the weapon, Mr. Marsh proceeded to examine it critically, clicking the hammers, sounding the barrels with the aid of the spring ramrod, and grinning sardonically the while.

"Lucky I saw this!" he said, dryly; "uncommonly lucky. Thornyside, the editor of the *Southdown Mercury*, was standing a dozen yards off, beside the bookstall. What a treat it would have been for him, a peep at this plaything! And the Shellton folks are sad gossips. They talk of your affairs quite sufficiently as it is, Mr. Morgan. If they knew you went armed—thud—how dead the steel top of the ramrod sounds upon the bullets, does it not?—they would be sure to set you down as about to blow out your own brains, or Lord Ullswater's—confound him!"

The new representative of Oakshire glared, with anything but an agreeable expression in his blood-shot, weary eyes at this audacious utterer of home-truths. There is so much of convenient reticence, of glozing over unpleasant stories, of taking things for granted, and the like, in civilized society, that an intrusion into the private life of another person, when it does take place, occasions as much stupefaction as annoyance. Morgan hardly knew what to say or how to act. He made answer, slowly, and with an appearance of calmness that he was far from feeling:

"Shellton does me too much honor if it employs its leisure in discussing my affairs. It is not quite reasonable—is it—to make me responsible for the chatter and conjectures of a watering-place? I thanked you just now for picking up the pistol—"

"Yes, and why did you thank me so heartily, Mr. Morgan?" roughly interrupted the other. "Not because you were ashamed of being known to go armed—of course not?—There—don't come out with some inane remark that there are men who carry pistols. Yes, I know there are, but you are not one of them, and you are not in the least like one of them. This spruce little bit of gunsmith's work would not have been in your pocket unless Lord Ullswater—curse him!—had got the better of you. Don't try to hoodwink *me*."

It was lucky that the pistol was in the surgeon's hands just then, and not in William Morgan's, or the tiny bullets might have found a lodgment in Mr. Marsh's brains, as likely as not, so savagely did the owner of Cramlingham scowl on his tormentor. His wound was very raw and new as yet, and this man's rude hand persisted in chafing the hurt. But wonder struggled with his irritation, and after a long pause he said:

"You seem to hate the person you speak of very much. You have twice mentioned his name, and twice coupled it with a curse. Has he injured you?"

The surgeon grinned impishly.

"I'll be even with him yet," he said in a tone of dogged determination: "those were the words I was using when I saw you come on the platform to day. And I took a sort of interest in you, young sir, because I knew you to have reason to love him as I do, and to wish him all the good luck that I do."

"What has he done to you?" asked Morgan, with irrepressible curiosity, though the moment the words were out he was vexed to have spoken them. "What harm has he done?"

Mr. Marsh flamed up like a prairie-fire.

"What has he done? I'll tell you, sir. He has taken a man of my education, my brains, my learning, all fifty times better than his own, and made a mere tool of that man, and flung him away afterwards to rust and perish. Done? He has blighted my prospects, spoiled my career, baffled my dearest hopes. And he coolly sat there, in the Tower Room, insulting me by telling me that a drunkard like myself—for I have taken to stimulants, Mr. Morgan, in my poverty, and despair, and disappointment, though I can lay aside the habit when I choose—was not so fit to be a West-end physician as some of the oily blockheads that strew the floors of their broughams with fees. That is what he has done, sir, and for that I'll be revenged, never fear!"

To this outburst the sensitive member for Oakshire hearkened with an attention that astonished himself. With Mr. Marsh he was by no means pleased, justly regarding him as an impudent and malignant adventurer; but there is a satisfaction in hearing those we hate vigorously abused, which is irresistibly tempting to any but the most magnanimous minds. And it must be admitted that Morgan had a fair excuse for hating his supplanter.

"I'll tell you something that will surprise you," broke out the surgeon, after a silence during which the train had stopped at a station and gone panting on again. "This infernal villain up at St. Pagans—ah! you may stare, but I know what I am talking about—is under my thumb, for all his pride! I have a noose round my lord's neck, I have, and it rests with me when to tighten it."

"What do you mean?" asked Morgan excitedly.

"I mean this," returned his uncouth fellow-traveller, snapping his fingers: "I can have that man—peer or not, in the dock of the Central Criminal Court, if I choose. And I don't think they'd even allow him to swing in a silken rope, as they did Lord Ferrers. I can hang him, and I will hang him too;" and the bankrupt doctor backed his assertion by a grisly oath.

"Are you sober, or serious?" asked Morgan with white lips.

"Quite sober, and quite serious," answered Mr. Marsh. The train labored on.

William Morgan, Esq., M.P., was very much surprised and shocked. His own life and his habitual associations were so very far removed from anything savoring of violence, or even of illegality, that to him the courts of criminal law, and the crimes they deal with, seemed as far removed as if they had been in some other planet. And yet, if this man were not mad, what was he to think? The surgeon's hints were unmistakable. He meant to assert that he knew that of Lord Ullswater which placed that nobleman's life and reputation in his hands. What should that be—save murder?

Morgan's pale face glowed, for a moment, like red-hot iron. The news of a great misfortune and disgrace impending over the detested head of a triumphant enemy cannot be received with indifference or regret by any but the most generous or saintlike of mortals. Fortunatus Morgan was no saint, nor was he peculiarly generous. His first feeling was one of satisfaction. The blood rushed to his wan cheek, and told tales, intelligible enough to the sharp eyes of the man who sat opposite.

Emboldened by the success of his first stroke, Mr. Marsh went on.

"We ought to be partners, you and I," said the doctor, bending forward and speaking smoothly; "our interests are the same, and our enemy is the same. Without beating any further about the bush, I will take you into my confidence so far as to say that I have a mass of evidence against the man we both hate, and that one or two more links will make the chain of proofs perfect. I have a clue to these missing links, and I am now bound for London on this very errand of discovering and scouring them. But the law, even the criminal law, is a net with holes in it, and a big fish like my lord may break through and escape, unless we are very careful. You have more money than most men have, and, besides, you have a recognized and good position in the world. I am poor; but if you will supply me with the sinews of war, and introduce me to a clever and yet respectable attorney—your own lawyers will find you one, if, as I suppose, they are too high and mighty to dabble in Old Bailey business—you will find your account in it. When Lord Ullswater has been tried and found guilty, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have helped to jockey your rival; and if you still care for the young lady—"

"Hold your tongue, sir! Lips like yours pollute a name by breathing it," interrupted Morgan, turning so fiercely on the surgeon as to startle him into silence. "How dare you meddle with my affairs, you ruffian!"

Mr. Marsh could only express his sincere astonishment by a prolonged whistle. He was a man whose creed of ethics was comprised in the hardest and narrowest rules of self-interest, and was honestly incapable of comprehending any loftier theory. In his eyes, then, William Morgan must be either mad, or he must have failed to take in the meaning of the proposition that had been made to him. The latter hypothesis was the more likely.

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Marsh, in as conciliatory a tone as it was possible for him to assume, "I assure you that I did not mean to offend you. I have led a dog's life, and received a dog's treatment of late years, and I dare say my politeness and drawing-room manners have grown somewhat rusty. Allow me to apologize. But with respect to Lord Ullswater, I take it for granted you would not be sorry to see him out of the race."

"Mr. Marsh, one word, if you please," said Morgan, in a clear, incisive tone very unusual with him: "am I to understand that Lord Ullswater has committed some great crime, that you have been accessory to it, and that, having since become hostile to him, you propose to gratify your dislike by bringing him to justice? Yes or no, sir?"

Mr. Marsh winced. "You've about hit the bull's eye!" he said with a nod. After a short pause, he continued: "You have a chance, now, Mr. Morgan, of winning the game on which I see by your face that your heart is set as strongly as ever—a chance such as seldom presents itself to any man. Throw it away, and you will never have such another opportunity. I don't press you to make up your mind at once. Think it over. I will leave you my address, and you can write me a line at your leisure. Or I will call on you in London. It would be rank folly to throw such a chance away."

As the schemer spoke, he watched the working of his auditor's features, and felt confident of success; but he was destined to a grievous disappointment. Crafty as he was, it was impossible for Mr. Marsh to appreciate the effect of early training on a mind such as that of the member for Oakshire. Fortunatus Morgan had been a public-school boy, and if our English public schools teach little, there is at least a healthy atmosphere, fatal to the meaner faults, to treachery, tale-bearing, and unfairness of all sorts. To be a sneak, an informer, a stabber in the dark, these were developments of human baseness which a youth bred at Eton and Oxford could not regard otherwise than with a gloom horror. All the vague but powerful influences of honor arose within Morgan's breast, and asserted themselves in a way that admitted of no contradiction.

Morgan looked at his watch. In five minutes the train would stop at Furzley Station. He drew out his porte-monnaie, took a bank-note from it, and examined it, after which he tossed it contemptuously towards his travelling-companion, saying in a firm voice:

"There is your compensation for the service rendered at Shellton. Give me back the pistol."

With some hesitation the surgeon gave the weapon back. By this time the train was moving at slackened speed, and the steam-whistle sounding shrilly.

"This pistol," said Morgan, speaking in a cold, resolute tone, "has been lying in my dressing-case, loaded and half-forgotten, these two years and more. I scarcely know what idle fancy induced me to carry it about my person to-day. Yes, I see your sneer, but I care nothing for your opinion. You were right in supposing that it would have annoyed me to have had the pistol publicly exhibited at Shellton. There it goes!" and with these words he flung the little weapon with his whole force from the open window of the carriage, into a broad brook, across the bridge of which the train was slowly passing. "And now, Mr. Marsh, one last word. Whatever may be your designs with respect to Lord Ullswater, I beg that you will not count on me to further them. I beg, also, that you will not again address me. We will be strangers to one another for the future, as formerly, if you please."

The train came very opportunely to a halt at Furzely Station, and William Morgan signed to a porter to open the door, and got quietly out of the carriage, without paying any further attention to Mr. Marsh, who sat staring at him with much the expression in his eyes which may be noticed in those of a savage dog that is within an ace of flying at the throat of a passer-by.

"I never knew such a fool! never!" said Mr. Marsh, loudly enough for the subject of his outspoken criticism to hear him, as the carriage-door closed, and he was left alone. Then he unfolded the bank note. Had it been one for five, or even for ten pounds, he would perhaps have returned it, not very ceremoniously, to the donor; but it was a fifty-pound note, and to give it back was out of the question. "The blockhead! he has given me the sinews of war after all!" was Mr. Marsh's last soliloquy as he jumped into a cab at the London terminus, shaking his fist at William Morgan's carriage, with its high-stepping bays and the complicated blazonry of the Morgan arms on its panels, as that well-appointed equipage drew up beside the arrival platform to receive its owner and his invalid sister, poor Ruth.

"Arundel Street, Strand," had been Mr. Marsh's direction to his cabman, and the cabman drove off, grumbling and reluctant, and upbraiding his evil fortune, as a cabman who, from a railway station, brings away no choicer freight than a hard-featured, shabbily-genteel male person, with no luggage that can be charged for, and who is morally certain to pay the legal sixpence for each seventeen hundred and sixty yards, good measure, has a conventional right to do.

Now, Arundel Street, Strand, is very near, naturally, to Cecil Street, Strand, where Mrs. Fletcher, sometimes in the employ of Reginald, Lord Ullswater, dwelt in lodgings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ When alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in our families, our tempers; and in society, our tongues.

☞ A young lady school teacher of Indianapolis was, last Sunday, endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the terrible effects of the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar. She told them that for seven years he ate grass just like a cow. Just then a small boy asked—"Did he give milk?"

☞ Somebody has detected the presence of *copper* in the white and yolk of eggs.

☞ We may safely affirm the great mass of human misery to have been caused by ignorance of the means of happiness.

☞ Speaking of Irish emigration, the London Daily News says: "Those sections of the annual reports of the Emigration Commissioners which relate to Ireland have for many years recorded the magnitude of the emigration from that country. They are becoming even more important now, for what they show as to the decline of the natural increase of the population. They prove that the population of Ireland is not undergoing a mere numerical reduction, but it is attacked in its reparative principle, in its very root.

☞ A Mobile paper says to the citizens, "Die while you can die cheap," and says of the city sexton: "Our old friend Bebroujon will bury any one—friend or foe—at twenty per cent. reduction on former prices. Here's your time."

☞ It is a profound mystery whence the absurd fashion of the high chignon, which has the faculty of tipping the hat directly over the nose, originated. Not in Paris, nor yet in London; for all American visitors to these two capitals, arrayed in this style, have been most excessively ridiculed.

☞ The city scavenger of Detroit, Michigan, is in trouble, and has published a card defending himself against the attacks of his enemies. He says, "I have at all times discharged my duties as city scavenger faithfully, and *I cannot remember a single instance in which I have left the body of a dead dog at a sausage shop*; but have always given them a graceful and decent burial beyond the city limits."

☞ An old man in Indiana has just taken a girl of 16 to be his sixth wife.

☞ A Polish chemist has invented a new liquor which intoxicates with one drop.

☞ A young colored man in Charleston has applied to the Secretary of War for an appointment as a cadet to the military school at West Point, from South Carolina. If appointed, he will be the first colored cadet ever educated there.

☞ When a Dutch maid servant wishes to go to a dance, and has no swain of her own, she hires a cavalier for the occasion. A beau with an umbrella receives double pay.

☞ In a recent number of the Foxtown Fusilier, appears the following kind editorial note: "Postscript.—We stop the press with pleasure to announce the decease of our contemporary, Mr. Snags, editor of the Foxtown Flash. He has now gone to another and a better world. Persons who have taken the Flash will find the Fusilier a very good paper."

Women Eyeing Women.

The eyeing of women by women is one of the most offensive manifestations of supercilliousness now to be met with in society. Few observant persons can have failed to notice the manner in which one woman, who is not perfectly well-bred, or perfectly kind-hearted, will eye another woman whom she thinks is not in such good society, and, above all, not at the time in so costly a dress as she herself is in. It is done everywhere: at parties, at church, in the street. It is done by women in all conditions of life. The very servant girls learn it of their mistresses. It is done in an instant. Who cannot recall hundreds of instances of that sweep of the eye which takes in at a glance the whole woman, and what she has on, from top-not to shoe tie?

Men are never guilty of it, or, with such extreme rarity, and then in such feeble and small-souled specimens of the'r sex, that it may be set down as a sin not masculine, or at least epicene. But women of sense, of some breeding, and even of some kindliness of nature, will thus endeavor to assert a superiority upon the meanest of all pretences, and inflict a wound in a manner the most cowardly, because it cannot be resented, and admits of no retort. If they but only knew how unlovely, how positively offensive they make themselves in so doing, not only to their silent victims, but to every generous-hearted man who observes their manœuvres, they would give up a triumph at once so mean and so cruel, which is obtained at such a sacrifice on their part. No other evidence than this eyeing is needed, that a woman, whatever be her birth or breeding, has a small and vulgar soul.

To Big for his Duchy.

The Duke of Nassau could never console himself for the narrowness of his dominions, which was the perpetual source of fun to the Prussian papers. They one day declared that he, having exiled a courtier, stood on his palace's terrace to see the order executed; the next day the newspapers would publish a pseudo-decree forbidding all faithful subjects from discharging muskets or pistols in a horizontal line in order to avoid violating the frontiers of neighboring states; to their jokes upon his demi-fluvial navy (he owned only half a river) there were no end. The louder Prussia laughed the more melancholic the Duke became. His courtiers tried their best to raise his spirits; the census returns were exaggerated, the births were increased, deaths were diminished, maps made which represented hamlets which ceased to exist in the days of Germanicus as flourishing cities—all in vain. One day a railway company asked permission to build their road across his duchy; he granted permission on condition that the road should pursue a zig-zag line so as to double or triple the distance run and force the locomotives to travel slowly so that passengers might think the Duchy of Nassau one of the largest in Germany. He recovered his good humor from that day.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS—The highest musical authorities of the land have pronounced in their favor, as meeting a want which has long been felt, and combining more reliable qualities than any other instrument of the character now before the public. Among other advantages in their favor, they occupy little space, are gotten up in highly ornamental style, are remarkable for their great volume of sound, the ease with which they are played, the simplicity of their construction, and their adaptation to all kinds of music.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*

☞ In spite of the assertions of human pride, the operations of science are limited. The electric telegraph, that triumph of science, cannot communicate ordinary intelligence to a fool.

☞ Luxemburg, about which Europe has lately been in such a turmoil, has, for one of the favorite amusements of its inhabitants, cat races. Each worthy burgher takes his cat in a bag two miles from town, and at a given signal they all shake their bags, the cats leap out scared to death, and run home as fast as they can go. The first cat that reaches the town gates is the winner.

☞ TWO OF THEM.—A young fellow whose better-half just presented him with a pair of bouncing twins, attended church on Sunday. During the discourse, the clergyman looked right at our innocent friend, and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence: "Young man, you have an important responsibility thrust upon you." The newly-fledged dad, supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming, "Yes, I have two of them."

☞ A young couple went to Rev. Paul Davis to get married. Mr. M. is a wag, and by an innocent mistake began to read from the prayer-book as *follows*: "Man that is born of woman is full of trouble, and hath but a short time to live." The astonished bridegroom suddenly exclaimed: "Sir, you mistake, we came to be married." "Well," replied Davis, "if you insist, I will marry you, but believe me, my friend, you had better be buried."

☞ The Wheeling Register tells of a young man who, for some weeks, had been wasting away to a skeleton, owing to mysterious loss of blood. On awaking every morning, he found a fresh puncture on some part of his body, from which blood had been drawn. He at length became convinced that a vampyre had been sucking his blood, and removed to another boarding-house. Since the removal he is recovering his health.

☞ During a recent wedding in a church, in a village near Troy, when the clergyman asked if anybody knew any reason why the ceremony should not proceed, a woman rose in the audience, and forbade the bans on the ground that the groom had promised to marry her when her husband died. The clergyman decided that she had no right to look so far ahead, and went on with the ceremony.

☞ The Fort Wayne Democrat tells of a beautiful, amiable, fascinating and immensely wealthy young lady in that city, who carefully conceals the knowledge of her wealth, wears cheap clothes, and works in a millinery shop, waiting for an interesting young man to woo and win her "for herself alone." There will not be a milliner left in Fort Wayne in three months.

☞ During the progress of one of the Baptist anniversary meetings at Chicago, while E. D. Jones, Esq., of Missouri, was speaking, a gentleman in the audience cried out, "Please stop, Brother Jones! I can't hear *all* that these ladies and gentlemen around me are saying!" This, as a reporter says, brought down the house, and, it is to be hoped, silenced the speakers who did not have the floor.

Progress of Women's Rights.

We find the following in the Cleveland Plaindealer:—"We have seen women smoking pipes and cigars, and have heard of their snuff-dipping, but never till yesterday did we see a woman chew tobacco. This remarkable performance took place in one of the street cars. The chewer was a good-looking and handsomely-attired young—woman. As the conductor passed through the car, she tugged at his coat-tail, and audibly requested a 'chew' of tobacco. The astonished collector of dirty scrip handed over the required quid, which was placed between her 'dainty' (!) jaws, and the chewing commenced at once, accompanied by an alarming exhibition of spitting. The girl said that 'nothing tasted so good to her as that tobacco, as she had been out of it for some time!"

WAS IT PROVIDENTIAL?—A man, who is still a stout and good servant of the railway company in whose employ he has been for some thirty years, was on duty one night on the platform where he is still stationed, when the London train came in. Among the passengers was one gentleman who missed his footing at the carriage door, just as the train was about to start, and fell between the platform and the wheels. At that instant the train moved on. Another moment and all would have been over, but a strong hand seized him and twitched him on the platform; so, with no worse injury than a fright and a shaking, the passenger went his way.

Had that ticket collector not been there, or had he been less ready, the history of the world would have read, no man can say how differently; for the traveller was Louis Napoleon.

From the Evangelist, N. Y. City.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY'S motto must be "numerous transactions and small profits." The business of its stores "up town, down town, in the middle," and we know not where else, must be really enormous, and give it decided advantages over small buyers. As a general thing the Tea Company's goods are of excellent quality, as is abundantly proved by its continued growth and prosperity in spite of the enterprise and competition which every sort of business is obliged to encounter in this market

☞ The Wheeler & Wilson family sewing machine received the highest premium at the Paris Exposition, being the only sewing machine that received a gold medal.

☞ The cultivation of beet sugar is quite successful in Illinois. The newspapers of that State speak with confidence of the results of the efforts to manufacture sugar from the beets, after the plan adopted in France a few years ago, and since prosecuted with success. People can easily make syrup out of sorghum, but the sugar will not crystallize.

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To solicit orders in each town in the United States and Canada, for the most popular subscription book ever published, being

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE BIBLE,

by John Kitto, D.D., F. S. A.; edited by the Rev. Alvan Bond B.D., of Norwich, Conn. Over 700 closely printed Royal Octavo pages; more than 100 full page engravings. Recommended by the leading clergy of all denominations of Christians. 80,000 copies already printed. Six large power-presses running on the work. Everybody wants it. Experienced Agents say they never knew a book sell so well. No competition. Experienced Agents, School Teachers, Sabbath-School Teachers, Retired Clergymen, and others, are wanted to introduce this Great Work into every household in the land. For Circulars, &c., apply immediately to the Publisher.

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SECOMB & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties palming off worthless cast-iron machines under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and really practical cheap machine manufactured. jy6-4t

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Instructions, Exercises and Music.

Zundel's, $2 50. New Method, $1 50. Carhart's, $1 50. American School, $1 50. Model $1 50. Winner's Perfect Guide, 75. Melodeon and Cabinet Organ without a Master, 75. Green and White's Instructor, 75. Bawes, 50. Woodbury, 50. The above contain Instructions and Music. The Seraphine containing music only, 75. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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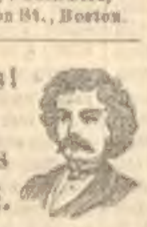
SAMPLES SENT FREE.



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AGENTS WANTED!—MALE OR FEMALE, in all parts of the United States, to sell "ABBOTT'S LIVES OF THE PRESIDENTS," one of the best books for Agents ever published in this country. The work is finely illustrated, complete in one volume, ready for subscribers, and sells splendidly. Address B. B. RUSSELL & CO., Jy13-3t Boston, Mass.

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HAND LOOM

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
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In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

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UNCOLORED JAPAN, 50c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ⅌ lb.
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Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.
Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the papers or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The Funds to pay for the Goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the Club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the Goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third, by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are forgeries. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

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SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

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TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	5.30	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.30	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	9.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.20	"
ERIE MAIL	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	9.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.30	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.30	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.50	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3.	7.40	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

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JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
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HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH

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Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	60
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	70
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	90
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	115
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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PREMIER ARTISTE
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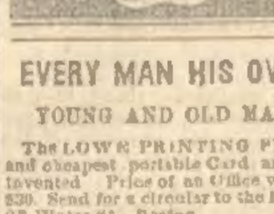
For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

Old Eyes
MADE NEW, easily, without doctor or medicine, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.



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WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S GERROLIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau st., New York. Jy6-1y

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG,
je29-4t 297 Bowery, New York City.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN, No. 42 Cedar St., New York. Je1-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Popping the Question.

Mr. Smithson (an improvement on the celebrated name of Smith) wishes to take Miss Brownly (another improvement) to the opera. He had been on terms of intimacy with the family for about five years, but "never spoke of love;" on the contrary, he had frequently declared his intention of leading a bachelor's life. Once he put his hand to the bell-handle, and was admitted.

"Oh, James," exclaimed Miss Jane, "where have you kept yourself so long?"

This took Smithson a little aback, for he had spent the preceding evening with the family. Before he could answer, however, Jane's brothers and sisters (eight or ten in number) had gathered about him. Summoning all his courage, he said—

"I have come to ask you—"

"Not here, James; not—now—oh!"

"That is," stammered Smithson, "if you're not engaged—"

"O! O! water—quick!"

"What's that?" inquired her father; "who says engaged?"

"I didn't mean," said Smithson, in conclusion.

"Of course not," continued Mr. Brownly; "you've always been our favorite!"

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said—

"Take her—she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you ever be happy as the day is long."

Thereupon father, and mother, and children crowded about Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

How She Served Him.

In our vicinity there thrives a corner grocery, the proprietor of which is a good-natured Dutchman, who is always practising some stale joke upon his customers. One of the points played by our German friend is this:—

A customer asks the price of butter.

"Vell," says Hans, "I sells you some goot butter for forty cents—anybody else, thirty-five."

Customer smiles at the dried joke, pays for butter, and vanishes, with the impression that Hans is entirely too smart.

But one day Hans is caught in his own trap. Bridget wants to purchase some soap.

"An' what's the price of soap a bar?" interrogates she.

"Dat is goot soap, Biddy," said Hans. "I lets you have 'em for twenty cents a bar—*anybody else*, ten cents, you know."

"All right," says Bridget; "give us five bars at *that* price."

Hans passes over the soap, Bridget lays down fifty cents, and away walks five bars of soap. Hans smells a mice.

"Here, by dunder! dere is a mistake here. Five bars of soap is one dollar."

Bridget stops indignantly.

"But, and be jabers, didn't you tell me the price was *twenty cents* to me, an' *ten* to anybody else? Well, bad luck to ye, it's not for me at all, at all; it's for Mrs. Melaney, who lives next door."

Broke her Pledge.

In a certain "Ladies' Moral Reform Society," existing not many miles from the bank of a certain river, the members were required to sign a pledge not to "sit up," as it is termed, or do anything else that might be supposed to have a tendency, however remote, to immorality. One evening as the President was calling over the names to know whether each member had kept her obligation, a beautiful and highly respectable young lady burst into tears, and on being questioned as to the cause, said she feared she had broken her pledge.

"Why, what have you done?" asked the President.

"Oh!" sobbed the young lady, Dr. ——— kissed me the other night when he waited on me home from meeting."

"Oh, well, that is nothing very bad," said the President; "his kissing does not make it that you have broken the pledge."

"Oh! that isn't the worst of it," exclaimed the conscientious young lady, "I kissed him back again."

A NEAT HIT.—The editor of the Tidioute (Pa.) Journal comes down on a giggling woman of that locality in the following racy manner:—

Fair. The lady (!) who yesterday called the attention of another to our patched breeches, whereat they both laughed so heartily, is informed that a new pair will be purchased when her husband's "little bill" is settled. It has been due us nearly a year.

Notes. First—when you speak disparagingly of a passer by, and do not wish to be heard, talk low. Second—Don't criticise the printer's dress too closely, while wearing clika purchased with money due him. Third—Tell your husband to send us $23.70 at once, and save costs of an entire *suit!*

A QUAKER gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as cobweb, she exclaimed:—

"What *shall* I do to get warm?"

"I really don't know," replied the Quaker, solemnly, "unless thee should put on *another breast pin!*"

☞ A letter from Belgrade says: "A curious and somewhat ludicrous little incident occurred here the other day, which has been much talked about, and is not without a certain significance. A body of well-known Servians, all members of the extreme patriotic party, marched through the streets with long beards down to their knees, escorted by a number of barbers, razors in hand, and in this array entered the fortress, where the barbers proceeded at once to strip these bearded pards of their hirsute adornments and send them out clean shaved. The fact is that at the bombardment of Belgrade in 1862, these Servians had vowed never to let a razor touch their faces until they could do so in the fortress itself on the day in which the Turkish troops abandoned it, and they completed their vow in the manner I have described."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Miss Angela Lovell (with the best intentions in the world).—"I cannot bear your handsome men, Mr. Peppercorne. They seem to think it is never worth their while to make themselves agreeable. Now, plain people generally—"

Mr. Riley Peppercorne.—'Oh, hang it! There, I beg your pardon—but this is the third time a lady has made that very remark to me this very evening! Why not let a fellow think that you think he's good-looking and agreeable, too?"

JULY FOURTH, 1867.

BY S. J. A.

Behold the spirits of the dead arisen,
The darkness of the tomb all swept away,
And stepping each one from his narrow prison,
They stand with us to-day!

Their hands unseen direct the cannon's firing,
At the salutes each loyal bosom swells,
The glory of the hour their souls inspiring,
They help to ring our bells.

And as above each house, and staff, and steeple,
The Stars and Stripes in triumph fly abroad,
They join in all the rapture of the people,
And offer thanks to God.

Who are these spirits, rising to our vision?
Why follow they our path, with solemn tread?
They come with blessings from yon world Elysian,
They are the Country's Dead!

Welcome the day to Freedom consecrated!
Welcome to you, O brothers leal and true!
Thank God, the dear old soil is liberated,
Blood-bought, by us and you!

Softly they whisper, "We from yonder Heaven,
Who once, as foes, met on the field of strife,
Now stand up side by side, all wrong forgiven,
Death swallowed up in life!

"We've come to tell you that the peace we sighed for
Is ours at last. No higher bliss we crave,
When looking downward to the land we died for,
We see one banner wave:

And as we join in your congratulations,
Seeing the fruits of liberty unclose,
We pray you stand erect among the nations,
Brothers—no longer foes!"

Then ring the bells anew! ring for a token
That these our dead, speak not to us in vain;
Ring for a Union never to be broken
By voice of War again.

Only if foreign despots, in their madness,
Should dare upon our starry flag to breathe,
Then shall the sword this day laid down with gladness,
Flash grandly from its sheathe!

Then, by the memory of this day's high story,
From North and South Columbia's sons shall pour,
And strive together for her ancient glory,
And free their land once more!

AGRICULTURAL.

SHELTER FOR PLANTS.

BY JUDGE FRENCH.

Men and animals instinctively seek shelter for protection against the blasts of winter, with its snow and cold, against the heat of summer, the sun that smiteth at noonday, and the chill nights that often follow the hottest summer days. They are somehow made uncomfortable by sudden changes from heat to cold, and from cold to heat. Exposure to high winds at any temperature, gives to most of us an unpleasant sensation; for what reason, we seldom pause to consider.

Plants seem to possess something of this same sensitiveness to sudden changes of climate, and we all admit without question, that shelter from high winds and from sudden changes from heat to cold, and from cold to heat are injurious, at least to all plants of garden culture. Why plants suffer from these causes it may be interesting to consider somewhat in detail, and for convenience we will arrange the subject under several heads.

Shelter from winds. Under this head we may consider what may be called the mechanical injury sustained by want of shelter. Beside the action of tempests which prostrate our fruit trees, or break them down, or shake off their fruit, we may observe many ill effects of the high winds, which always prevail in spring time. Tender half grown leaves of even the maple and elm, are often whipped and torn to pieces by fair weather winds, so as seriously to mar their foliage for the whole season. Grape vines and ornamental, creeping vines, are torn from their trellises, their tendrils broken, and their symmetry destroyed. Melon, cucumber and squash vines are blown into heaps, and turned upside down by strong winds, and field crops of oats and wheat are frequent "lodged" and ruined by a single thunder gust.

These facts are obvious to the senses, and we readily admit the necessity, or at least, the utility of shelter, to protect gardens, vineyard and pear orchards from destruction by the winds. There are, however, other influences, less obvious, yet as important as this, which for distinction we have called the mechanical action of the wind, and among these we will next consider,

Temperature.—Plants, like animals, can be acclimated to a wide range of latitude, but like animals, as before suggested, they often suffer from sudden changes of temperature—their capacity for endurance depending much on their peculiar state at the time of exposure. Hot house plants are often chilled and destroyed by a degree of cold much less than the freezing point. Fruit trees upon a sandy rich soil, forced into succulent growth late in the season, often perish by being suddenly checked by frost, before they have become hardened or ripened for winter. We have seen a fine orchard of apple trees thus ruined, before the severe weather had arrived. Nature makes constant efforts to adapt her products to their conditions, but to do this, it is essential that those conditions should be in some measure uniform. To secure this uniformity as to the important matter of temperature, shelter is of great importance. In a very valuable paper on Atmospheric Humidity, in the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture for 1865, an Illinois correspondent is quoted as stating, that living on a high prairie, open on the north, south and east for six miles, and on the southwest and west, one hundred miles—the winds from the southwest are so strong and dry, "that in their sweep over the soil, vegetation is withered before them as if at the touch of fire." It is a fact admitted by all horticulturists, that grapes, such as require a long season at the north, as the Isabella and Catawba, are successfully ripened in cities, even as far north as Boston, much more perfectly than in the country, and that vines trained to walls with southern exposure are more healthy and fruitful, and many days earlier than those in open grounds. These results have usually been ascribed to the milder temperature of the sheltered position, to which no doubt much is due. The often quoted instance of Mr. Tudor's garden of fruit at Nahant, where he succeeded in producing nearly or quite all the fruits that can be raised inland in the same latitude, on bleak hills where no tree or shrub could endure the ocean storms, shows the effect of even slight protection.

His gardens are not surrounded with close fences or hedges, but with open palings, in some places double, at a few feet distant one from the other, and this obstruction of the winds, which could hardly be supposed to raise the temperature, and certainly could not increase or lessen the humidity of the air, made it possible to convert the desert into beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds. The effects of shelter in protecting trees from mechanical injury, moderating and equalizing the temperature, are better understood, probably, than another point, which is that of—

Humidity. We know that moisture is essential to all vegetable growth, and that all plants in dry and bright weather, give off moisture to the atmosphere, and we know that unless plants can be supplied with water in some way, as rapidly as they evaporate it, they must shrivel and die. The fact, too, is familiar to us, that evaporation occurs much more rapidly in a current of air than in a still atmosphere. If we wet our hand, we feel it to be much cooler if blown upon by the wind, or even by the breath, and it is because the moisture is evaporated more rapidly. So we know, that clothes from the wash-tub are dried more rapidly in a high wind, and this is the case in cold, as well as hot weather. Plants are affected in the same way, and even a cool wind often exhausts them of moisture, more rapidly than any degree of quiet heat. The air is seldom saturated with moisture. Immediately after a shower, the buildings and fences, and the exposed surface of the earth become dry by the absorption of their moisture into the air, so that even in showery days, the process of evaporation from plants still goes on.

The writer of the article already cited, attributes the blights which fall upon many of our fruit trees, to the rapid drying of their leaves and fruit by currents of dry winds, and believes that shelter is as important to guard against this injury as against cold.

The Remedy. As special safeguards against the various ill effects of exposure on uneven grounds, we may erect fences, or plant hedges of white pine or Norway spruce, or hemlock, and thus provide effectual shelter for gardens and small tracts. In selecting sites for gardens, and for pear orchards and vineyards, we may often avail ourselves of the protection of buildings, and of natural growths of forest. In New England, our roughest winds come from the north and east, and the southerly side of hills has not only the advantage of the sun's heat, but also natural shelter from the wind. The writer of an excellent treatise on market gardening, says, that a board a foot wide, set on edge on the north side of a row of peas, will materially aid their early growth.

If we take a broader view, we shall be satisfied that for the good of the whole country, the consideration of shelter is very important. The destruction of forests has undoubtedly rendered large tracts of country unfit for the production of fruit, which before was very productive. This ill effect is produced partly by the drying up of streams, caused by laying the country bare, so that the evaporation is increased till the moist grounds are rendered dry, and finally the rainfall is lessened for want of the moisture gradually given out from these grounds and from the forests, and partly by the prevalence of high winds which prevail so much more in an open country than in one broken by large reaches of timber. The Cape Verde Islands were in great distress in 1866, from famine, and more than thirty thousand people are said to have perished there, from that cause, within a few years. They have destroyed their forests, and in some years no rain whatever has fallen, and their only hope is in replanting their island with forest trees.

Professor Hedsie, of Michigan Agricultural College, is quoted as declaring that the clearing of the lands in Michigan, has so changed the climate, that the peach crop, which from 1828 to 1841, was quite sure in some counties, now fails except in sheltered spots; and that the frost, which thirty years ago was hardly known to injure corn, now is considered a dangerous enemy to that crop. Mr. Marsh, in his "Man and Nature," gives many illustrations of the evil consequences of removing the forests in Europe; and of the advantages of systematic planting of belts of trees, as in Belgium, by means of which large tracts of barren land have been rendered fertile.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

RECIPTS.

BREAST OF VEAL STEWED.—Brown the veal first by half roasting it; remove as many of the bones as possible, and then put it into a stewpan with some stock, a glass of wine, a piece of lemon-peel, a bunch of sweet herbs, and a carrot; let it simmer slowly on a hot hearth, with hot cinders on the lid of the stew-pan; about half an hour before it is served strain off the sauce and remove the herbs, &c.; put it then back with the veal, first thickening it with some flour browned with butter; let it boil up, to take off the raw taste of the flour; then add some pickled mushrooms, with their juice, and, when you serve, add some force-meat balls, which have been first fried, and are hot. To vary the appearance, the tendons may be cut off, and the remainder rolled into a nice round, and finished as before; season with salt and pepper. To put down to stew with it either a ham-bone or a bit of lean ham will improve the flavor.

SORREL SAUCE.—This is a favorite sauce in many parts of France, and is made in the following manner:—Procure about three pints of sorrel, the fresher the better. Strip the leaves from the stocks, and put them into a saucepan which is lined with white enamel, and add a quarter-pound of butter, and season with pepper and salt. Stir it while it stews, and, when tender, press all the juice from it. Chop it up as finely as possible, return it to the saucepan, boil it up, and add the beaten yolks of two eggs and half a teacupful of cream, with a small quantity of pounded sugar. This sauce is generally served with a green goose.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Arrange them in a single layer, and pour over them as much gravy as will reach to half their height. Stew them very gently until the under-sides are done; then turn and finish stewing them. Thicken the gravy with flour and butter, or a little arrow-root and cream.

The following rules for currant wines are from the best authority, but untested by ourselves:

WHITE CURRANT WINE.—Heat forty pounds of white currants, press out the juice, and add four gallons of soft water. Dissolve twenty-five pounds of white sugar in the juice, wash out the pulp with more water, strain and add it to the juice, and fill up with soft water until the whole measures nineteen gallons. In respect to managing the wine, the first rule (see last week's Post) gives full directions.

RED CURRANT WINE.—Eight gallons of currants, and one quart of raspberries; scald and press out the juice, and to the seeds and skins add eleven gallons of cold water, add two pounds of beet-root sliced thin as possible; let them remain with the pulp and water twelve hours; then press out the mixture, and add the liquor to the juice. Dissolve in the mixture twenty pounds of good coffee sugar, and three ounces of red tartar in powder. When the fermentation ceases, close the bung, and leave the barrel stationary until wanted for bottling.

BLACK CURRANT WINE, No. 1.—Follow either of the above receipts, except the beets and raspberries, and allow for the same quantity of wine, two gallons less of fruit, than in the red currant wine.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Carefully pick six pounds of fine ripe raspberries, and pour on them four pints of the very finest vinegar. Leave them thus for four days, frequently stirring, but not *mashing* the fruit so as to bruise the seeds; then place a piece of clean washed linen or flannel in a sieve, and filter through it the vinegar; to each pint of juice adding two pounds of loaf sugar; put it into a glazed jar or pan, which place in hot water, and keep there till the juice boils thick and syrupy. Let it become cold, then bottle it. The whole process should be carried on in glazed earthen vessels.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE.—Take the lace, and wipe off the dust carefully with a cambric handkerchief. Then pin it out upon a bed, inserting a pin in each projecting point of the lace. Sponge it all over with table beer, and do not remove the pins till it is perfectly dry. It will look quite fresh and new.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 16, 12, 5, 14, 4, 3, is a boy's name.
My 17, 15, 19, 9, is no whim.
My 16, 10, 2, 7, is what many are eager to obtain.
My 6, 7, 7, is not even.
My 18, 14, 13, embraces many years.
My 1, 3, 7, is a boy's nickname.
My 20, 3, 12, is an article.
My 17, 12, 8, 9, is a Spanish coin.
My 13, 20, 2, 18, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 11, 7, is what you have come to.
My whole is a true saying.

Laurens. FRANKIE.

Double Rebus.

1. A great botanist.
2. A female name.
3. Something essential to the well-being of a tree.
4. The heroine of a nursery rhyme.
5. An interjection.
6. A nourishing food.

The finals form the name of an eminent poetess; the initials, her birthplace.

IVY GREEN.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in flour, but not in meal.
My 2d is in sign, but not in seal.
My 3d is in thick, but not in long.
My 4th is in right, but not in wrong.
My 5th is in mountain, but not in hill.
My 6th is in murder, but not in kill.
My 7th is in dove, but not in lark.
My 8th is in light, but not in dark.
My 9th is in hail, but not in rain.
My 10th is in France, but not in Spain.
My 11th is in flute, but not in fife.
My 12th is in death, but not in life.
My 13th is in win, but not in wed.
My 14th is in copper, but not in lead.
My 15th is in December, but not in May.
My whole, dear reader, is a play.

AMANDA PENROSE.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A sharpshooter can hit a circular target of 5 inches radius, at a distance of 600 yards, 3 times out of 4 shots with a rifle. Suppose he fires at a target of 7 inches radius at a distance of 1,000 yards.

Required—the probability that he will hit it.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A, B and C start on a journey of 40 miles. A can travel only one mile an hour, B two miles, but C has a horse and buggy, and can travel 8 miles; and as they desire to reach their journey's end in the shortest possible time, C takes up A and carries him so far that going back and taking up B they all reach their journey's end together. Required—the distance each will travel alone, and the whole time consumed in performing the journey. R. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A plastic sphere, 8,000 miles in diameter and of the same density of the earth, commences to revolve on its axis with a velocity such as to cause it to assume the shape of an *oblate* spheroid, whose polar diameter is to its equatorial diameter as 3 is to 4. Required—the time of a revolution.

☞ Will any reader of "THE POST" please send a solution to my address?

J. M. GREENWOOD.

Paulville, Adair Co., Mo.

Conundrums.

ECHOES.

☞ Which letter do we often chew?—*U.*
☞ Which one resembles a tress?—*S.*
☞ Which one is never wry?—*I.*
☞ Which one does a child first know?—*O.*
☞ Which one is embraced in Cæsar?—*E, sir.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—Spring. (Ring, gin, sing, grip, pig, sprig.) REBUS.—Black Crook. (Tempest, Hiawatha, Evangeline, Battle of Hohenlinden, Lara, Absalom, Cleon and I, Kenilworth, Curiosity Shop, Rhime of the rail, Old Arm Chair, Oft in the stilly night, Kingdom coming.) DOUBLE REBUS.—Thackeray, Pendennis. (Turk's cap, Hermione, Aladdin, Clavichord, Kale, Egean, Rubicon, Alibi, Yufta.)

Curiosities of Ice.

In 1850 Mr. Farraday discovered that two pieces of ice placed in contact froze together almost instantly. Mr. Tyndal says: "One hot summer day I entered a shop on the Strand; on the window fragments of ice were lying in a basin. The tradesman gave me permission to take the pieces of ice in my hand; holding the first piece, I attached all the other pieces in the basin to it. The thermometer was then about sixty degrees, and yet all the pieces were frozen together." In this way Mr. Tyndall formed a chain of ice. This experiment may be made even in hot water. Throw two pieces of ice in a pail full of almost boiling water, keep them in contact, and they will freeze together despite the high temperature. Mr. Farraday made another experiment of the same sort. He threw into a vessel full of water several small pieces of ice. They floated on the surface of the water. The moment one piece touched another there was an instantaneous freezing. Attraction soon brought all the pieces in contact, so that in an instant an ice chain was formed.

☞ Why is a man ascending Vesuvius like an Irishman trying to kiss a pretty girl? Because he wants to get at the crater's mouth.